JOHN BULL 2½D
VOL. LXIX 1827

WAR'S VITAL PHASE By A.G.G.

SAVE OUR SELVES!

WORK OR FIGHT By the EDITOR

At the local wardens' post

Every night they drink a toast

"Confusion to the Nazi wrecker"

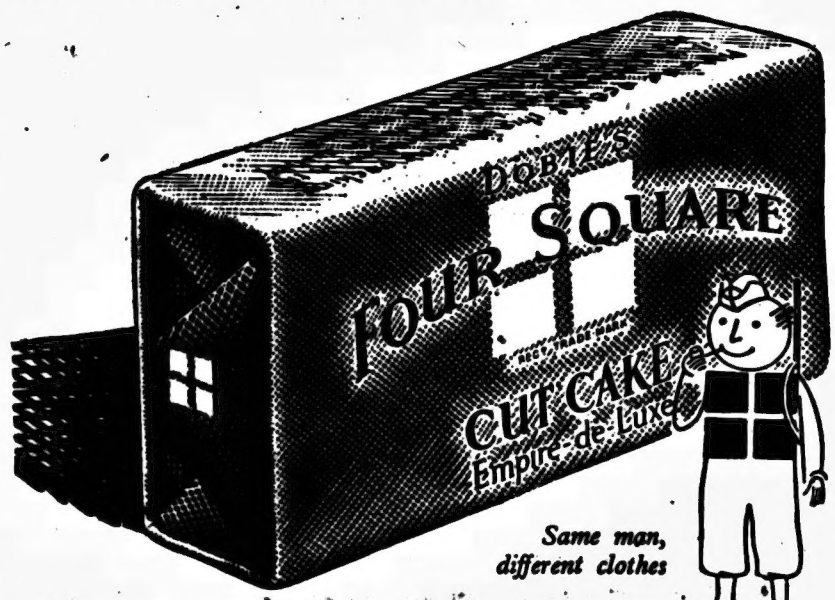
In a glass of bright Woodpecker

Bulmer's Cider

Everyone wants Bulmer's these days, but we cannot at present send your dealer more than his pre-war amount, so please do not blame him if he is temporarily out of stock.

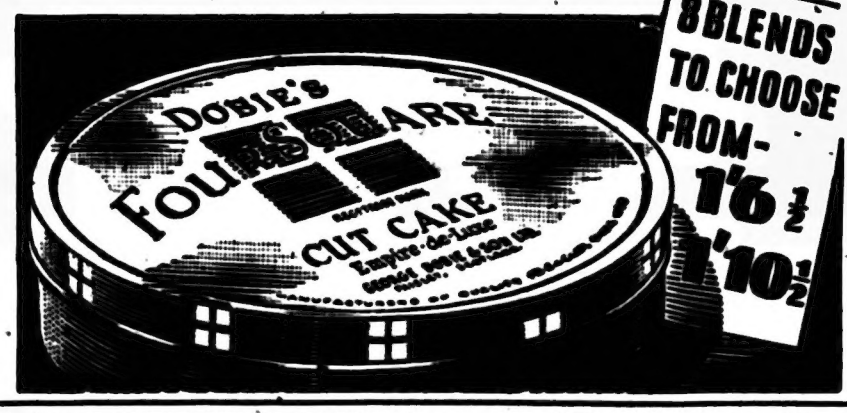
H. P. BULMER & CO., LTD., HEREFORD. reyds. 9450

Here is the new FOUR SQUARE battle-dress!



Same man, different clothes

As we have not enough tins to pack all the Four Square tobacco you smoke, some of it is being put into these packets. But you needn't worry. Four Square is the same, whether it's in a packet or a tin — pure tobacco with no artificial flavouring.



Why not Keep HEALTHY and Vital

TO feel 'on top of the world'; to go through each day with brightness and zest depends upon internal health and the good spirits that go with it. Bile Beans at bedtime keep you 'feeling fine' all the time.

The more regularly the alimentary organs function the better your health, the more abundant your energy. Bile Beans tone you up and improve health and vitality. They regularly remove food waste and all harmful toxins from the system, keeping your figure youthfully slender.

'Feeling fine' is everyone's duty to-day, so make sure of being at your best at all times

"Bile Beans have improved both my health and figure and brought new life and energy. My complexion too is now fresh, radiant and clear. I feel better to-day than for years."
Mrs. D. P., Benfleet.

By Taking Nightly

BILE BEANS

Brand Pills

7d., 1/5 and 3/5 (including Tax). Also sold in pennyworths.

The Flight-Sergeant SWEARS by Kolynos!

The Flight-Sergeant's language is not always what it should be—particularly when he loses his Kolynos or somebody else appropriates it. "Wouldn't be without it for worlds," he says; "there's nothing like Kolynos to freshen up your mouth and keep your teeth in A.1 condition." Care in personal appearance is often a short cut to promotion. Don't let the condition of your teeth be taken as evidence against you. To keep them really clean and white use Kolynos, the protective, cleansing and refreshing tooth paste.

From all Chemists and Stores at 2/2, 1/3 & 7½d. per tube. (Incl. Purchase Tax)

Opportunity knocks but once...

IT is extraordinary how much can happen in one year.

Twelve months ago, my wife and I were living quietly in a London suburb. I was content with my work! I had the position of Chief Clerk with an old-established firm. My duties as a part-time Air Raid Warden gave me an outside interest and my wife's hobby of breeding Red Setter puppies kept her busy.

Suddenly my firm was reorganized and I was invited to take charge of a section of the head office in the North.

"THE unlocking of that one door seemed automatically to open other doors and six months later I was given the post of General Manager. This was a great honour—but a great responsibility.

It was soon after this that I began to feel off-colour. I was always tired. Sometimes I would retire before 9 o'clock so that I had ten or eleven hours in bed—and then rise without any sense of being really rested.

That might have gone on until I broke down if I had not gone to inspect some air-raid damage to our old house. I seized the chance to drop in for a chat with our family doctor. He spotted my trouble at once—it was my sleep. I was not getting 1st Group Sleep. He explained that there are three Sleep Groups and I was getting 2nd Group Sleep—shallow sleep that completely fails to restore one. He advised me to take Horlicks. It would quickly help me to get back into the 1st Group, he said.

I lost no time in putting his recommendation into practice. Every night, whatever time I retire, I have a cup of hot Horlicks brought to my bedroom. It has made all the difference in the world to me. Thanks to Horlicks, I now get the recuperative benefits of a good night's sleep every night and no longer suffer from Night Starvation. My nerves are as steady as a rock. I have all my old tranquil confidence back. It is a wonderful feeling.

* * *

IN these days it is more than ever important to have the deep, restoring sleep that Horlicks brings. You will find you not only wake up refreshed. Gradually your health and spirits will improve all round. For Horlicks is a grand, *general* "builder-up-er."

It may be recalled that it was originated (in 1883) at the suggestion of a group of physicians who realized the need for a food suitable even for invalids and infants which would be easily assimilated by the most delicate digestion, and which *by itself* would be a complete and energizing food.

This background explains the great restorative powers that Horlicks has.

For Emergencies: With the addition of water only, Horlicks is a complete food, providing warmth and energy, body-building and tissue-repairing material. It would be difficult to find a more valuable food to keep by you in case of

emergency. If necessary, the whole family from the youngest to the oldest could live on Horlicks alone for a very long period.

In cases of shock, it is an excellent thing to give *hot* Horlicks: the milk and malt sugars in Horlicks pass quickly into the bloodstream restoring warmth and energy. For the same reason, Civil Defence workers find Horlicks invaluable as a reviver.

If your chemist or grocer is temporarily out of stock of Horlicks, ask him again in a few days' time: probably by then a further delivery will have been made. Prices are the same as before the war: from two shillings a bottle.

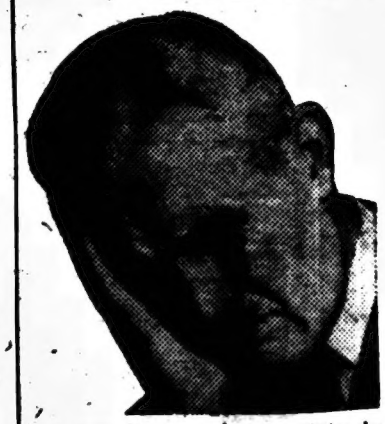
Healthy dogs make good companions

Despite wartime handicaps, your dog will always be healthy and happy if you give him his regular Bob Martin's. Just 'one a day' will keep him always fit, friendly, companionable.

BOB MARTIN'S
CONDITION POWDERS
keep dogs fit

In packets: 9 powders 7d., 21 for 1/1½. From all chemists, sundries, etc.

RELIEF FROM THE WORST HEAD ACHE



"I have been a martyr to Migraine until I was told a few weeks ago to try Phensic. I took two of your most wonderful tablets and in ten minutes I was free from pain and feeling fit."
M.S., Luton.

3½d., 7d., 1/5, 3/5, 5/8 (Including Purchase Tax).

SIMPLY TAKE 2 TABLETS OF

Phensic

Pronounced "FEN-SIC" Brand

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, June 21, 1941.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

SIXTH COLUMN

● **French prisoners of war are being released by the Nazis to work against Britain.**

First, all prisoners were checked up by the Gestapo.

Then the homes of selected men were visited by tactful French agents. Wives, mothers and sweethearts were told their men might be released if prepared to work sincerely for the "New European Order."

According to the women's views, each case was classed as hopeful, doubtful, or hopeless.

The "hopefuls" were then directly approached, preference being given to journalists, mayors, officers, and others most likely to influence their fellow citizens.

They were warned that they would be recalled to camp unless their services while on parole were satisfactory.

Two of the most important of these released prisoners are General Falvy and M. Benoit-Mechin.

Falvy has become Governor of a French West African colony that adjoins the territory held by General de Gaulle.

Benoit-Mechin has been appointed Minister of State by Darlan.

There are thousands of others no less dishonourable and unscrupulous. But there are millions the Germans dare not release.

Straight from the Shoulder

SAVE OUR SELVES!

DON'T read this page if you dislike unpleasant truths.

For the most bitter truth in this singularly bitter war is that we're not doing well enough.

And "we" doesn't mean only the British Government. It refers to the British nation as a whole.

It's Easy to Shout

"Blame the Government." "What's the Government up to?" "The Government should stop it."

These have become catch phrases. Like most catch phrases of the past, they are usually applied quite falsely.

Of course the Government deserves criticism! Which Government has ever been efficient without it?

But JOHN BULL, constant critic of official defects, declares that large sections of the public are to blame for defects quite as important.

Hoarding

There is far too much spending, too little saving.

There is a rush to buy household linen goods for fear they will be rationed.

Most of the shoppers don't really need that linen. They are buying to hoard it and to make dresses.

Shop-Crawling

There is a rush to buy soap. There is a great hunt for tinned foods.

People who consider themselves exemplary citizens try to "wangle" a few extra eggs, an extra slice of cheese.

They aggravate the shortage. They deprive other people of a fair share. The Government's difficulties are increased—but the Government is blamed.

Smoke Abatement

Cigarettes are scarce. Everyone smokes more in time of stress.

How many of us genuinely try to smoke just a little less?

"Just a little less" would solve the Government's problem.

Save Ourselves

War Weapons Weeks have raised vast sums to aid our war finances. Better and bigger are the sums that could be saved by regular weekly savings.

And nearly every one of us could afford to put an extra shilling a week or so into Government funds. Nearly everyone should issue a personal S O S—Save Our Selves.

For our money can help to save ourselves from the bankruptcy and degradation and torture of Hitlerism.

Wasting Waste

Can we all honestly aver that we never waste a bit of paper or metal or "kitchen scraps"?

Are we really economising already in the use of gas and coal and electricity that are wanted by our war industries?

Is there anyone who has *never* helped to spread rumour? Anyone who has always, in the poster's language, "kept mum?"

Changes in the many battlefields tempt us to be elated one day and depressed the next.

But don't spread depression. Keep an even keel and resolve to work harder for victory.

Your Holiday

And what about your holiday this year? You have been asked not to travel.

But you can still get a change—even if it's only doing odd jobs about the house that will release building workers for urgent war work.

Or digging for victory. Or helping a farmer.

Little Sacrifices

Being a good citizen in war time is not easy. It requires attention to trifles as well as to the big things.

Small sacrifices, if made by thousands, carry great weight.

Take transport. Its tremendous burdens can be eased by public co-operation.

Cut out all unnecessary jaunts. When you go shopping, get home before 4 p.m. and leave the lines clear for the workers!

Willing Workers

What about those workers? Most of them are doing a grand job.

There's no doubt about that. There is no wishful thinking in the tributes that have been paid to their determination to beat Hitler.

Don't let cases of slacking and absenteeism slander the great majority of our people.

And see that your own example s h a m e s the slackers into pulling their weight.

Black Sheep

Most employers are doing their bit—and many are doing a good deal more.

But of course there are some black sheep.

Yes; incredible as it may seem, there are still employers who refuse to co-operate in the national effort by rectifying bad conditions in their factories.

On Holiday

A railway official rang up an important aircraft factory. He wanted to arrange for the delivery of urgently needed materials that were on their way.

He was told that the entire factory was on holiday for nine days. No one could attend to him.

So yet another question of "priorities" was muddled. Rail wagons could not be unloaded, and thus the strain on our transport was increased.

Unwanted Labour

There is an imperative need for builders. But we are getting letters (which we send on to Lord Reith) from bricklayers who cannot get work because they are over sixty.

They assure us that they are as hale as men half their age. They say, "We'd get on with the job while youths would lark about."

Large Order

Mr. Bevin is anxious for all such men to be employed. The Cabinet wants to ease "priorities."

But if officials have to be sent to every factory to see that supplies are being well-handled, and to every employer to see that elderly workers are not being turned away, then we should need to build up a new Civil Service.

Don't Imitate Jerry

Are we as scornful of liberty and as fond of regimentation as the Germans that we have to wait for official orders?

Are we so indifferent to the outcome of the war that we won't do all in our power to help win it?

There should be clear direction from our leaders, certainly. But if every detail of the nation's activity has to be subjected to Government scrutiny and compulsory orders, then Heaven help Britain!

A1 Generals

Such remarks are true also of the military situation.

We have commanders as good as any in the last war—perhaps better. But generals and guns are not sufficient to win battles.

Good generals need good junior officers, men willing to learn from the mistakes that are inevitable in war.

Lessons We Need

Arrival of officers from Crete should enable many lessons to be learned. In particular, an object lesson in defending our aerodromes.

What is the trouble here? It is *not* jealousy between the heads of the rival Services.

Rather is it the reluctance of some of their juniors to co-operate.

Infantry in Blue

Too many R.A.F. officers entrusted with ground defence are Army dug-outs who think of the R.A.F. as "just a kind of infantry in blue."

They think of dealing with an airborne enemy in terms of repelling a cavalry charge.

A.A. defences cannot open fire without orders from the station commander—an airman. And he may leave it too late because of his inexperience with artillery.

Up To Us

So on this, too, we say: There must be clear direction from our war leaders.

But it rests with others to see that it is shrewdly and energetically applied.

It rests with the whole public whether our war effort in industry and the home is to reach its maximum.

Work and Save

Compulsion *cannot* operate in every sphere of a nation's activity. Compulsion should not be necessary.

Work and Save. Those are the keywords to open the door to Victory.

If we fail, it will be our own fault, not the Government's. We need not fail. Let us ensure that **WE SHALL NOT FAIL.**

(Continued overleaf)

A FREE AIR RAID POLICY
Underwritten at LLOYD'S
FOR EVERY READER
OVER £60,000 CLAIMS PAID!
Registration Forms can be obtained on application by postcard (revised postage 2d.) to "John Bull" Insurance Department, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Behind the News

● **Mussolini's boast that Italy has taken over Greece is not even a Hitler favour. It is an order by the Nazi High Command whose armies are now so thinly spread that they cannot afford the men in view of future developments and recent casualties.**

● *Meanwhile, Greek sabotage is developing fast and in some cases is even better than that in northern occupied countries.*

● **Italian people, not deceived by Mussolini's faked figures of casualties, know they have lost their empire and 400,000 of the cream of Italian man-power in Africa alone.**

● **Timing of Allied advance into Syria has upset some most important Nazi schemes and nullified many weeks of intensive and expensive Blitz preparation.**

● *End of the "unsinkable" Bismarck has so deeply affected German and Italian sailors that discussion of naval affairs is forbidden throughout the Axis countries. It is also a criminal offence to question U-boat claims.*

● *Bismarck* sinking has also affected Spanish policy. The Spanish warship that picked up some survivors and many German dead was not far from the scene of the action—and has brought back a story of British sea-power and organisation that has swept the country.

● **"Black Bourse" operators in France are paying 14,000 francs per pound sterling for cheques on London, negotiable after the war, and refuse to handle German or Italian currency offers.**

● *Serious trouble is brewing in Rumania since exposure of German intrigue to secure control of agriculture and to force town labour to work on the land under German conditions.*

● Newest twist behind Nazi-Soviet scene is a "cut-throat" underground war. Powerful Nazi fifth column in Ukraine has been countered by extension of Communist activities in Germany, which Hitler is unable to prevent under the Nazi-Soviet Pact.

● **Japan's realists, watching U.S.A. help rushing into Singapore and reaching Chiang-kai-shek, are working for a peace settlement while it is still possible to get good terms.**

● *Berlin, furious at failure to discredit Roosevelt and at his exposure of "peace" intrigue, has begun a purge of Nazi agents abroad which may remove many high German secret service officials in the U.S.A.*

● Look out for remarkable new favourable developments in the southern area of the battle of the Atlantic.

STRAIGHT from the SHOULDER

(Continued from preceding page)

SOME day the Ministry of Pensions may decide to give ex-Servicemen a fair deal. But not yet, judging by the case of a Cheltenham man.

He was on H.M.S. *Curlew* when she sank in May last year. He swam about, in very difficult conditions, before being rescued.

Now discharged as suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis, he is denied a pension because his illness "is not due to, or aggravated by, naval service."

Fair-play

No doubt the Minister has been given this verdict by his medical "experts." But we should give the gallant sailor the benefit of the doubt.

And we doubt if you would blame us for "wasting the taxpayers' money."

Cruel Comfort

Trouble is, of course, that officialdom has no imagination.

When a house in a London suburb was bombed, two young children were killed and the father and mother injured.

On leaving hospital, the parents were provided by the authorities with a comfortable lodging in another house.

But it overlooked the cemetery where their children were buried.

Poverty by Order

The same lack of imagination condemns to poverty many people who were ordered to leave their homes in coastal areas at short notice.

Officialdom could not find them billets, but now denies them an evacuation allowance because they are not in official billets!

No Shelter

For the next stupidity, go to Billericay in Essex.

You'll find council contractors taking away the Anderson shelters from houses. Reason: Communal brick-shelters are to be erected instead.

To get to them, families will have to walk long distances along cart tracks. Meanwhile, they have no shelter at all.

Digging for Violets

Soldiers at an Essex camp have industriously dug up plots of land.

Digging for Victory? No, they are now planting flowers, laying grass borders and erecting ornamental archways.

Maybe a lily pond would make it even nicer.

Hush-Hush

Why are we not allowed to know the names of the councillors who are planning the rebuilding of the City of London? Why is the Improvements Committee—delegated to deal with the job—keeping itself as hush-hush as the other Corporation committees?

Its task is of concern not only to the City but all Britain.

Food Rackets

Next stage in the Ministry of Food campaign against profiteering will be a close check on wholesalers.

There are strange discrepancies in the prices quoted by various wholesalers.

A food distributor wanted to buy South African tinned crayfish.

He was quoted a price by one wholesaler that was more than double the price he had just paid to another firm for the same line.

Up in Smoke

Wickedly mean little ramp is victimising smokers.

Soldiers trying to buy cigarettes at Worksop were told: "Sold out—but you can have cheroots for 1½d. each."

So-called cheroots were actually cheap cigarettes covered with tobacco leaf.

Easy Money

Equally inexcusable is the automatic machine ramp. It should be easy to indicate when a cigarette or sweet machine is empty.

But it often happens that these machines, "sold out" within a few minutes of being filled, go on accepting coins all day.

Comb-Out

Thousands of builders are being released from the Army for work on new aerodromes and factories. An excellent move!

If the authorities would like to hear of more men available, we can supply the names.

One plasterer with fourteen years' experience was taken from aerodrome work for the Army and has since been graded C3, had two operations on his feet, and is now ordered six months' light duty—peeling potatoes.

He'd be better on a light job in aerodrome construction.

Not Known

Electric arc welder, in the Army, read the Army Council Instruction of last September that authorised certain tradesmen to return to civilian employment.

He put down his name, has heard nothing since.

Home on leave, he made inquiries at an employment exchange. Officials said they had never heard of the instruction and anyhow had more electric arc welders than they could provide with jobs!

Sick Soldier

Another C3 soldier has been on light duty for eighteen months after stomach trouble and an operation on his wrist.

His employer would give him light work on a farm—but the Army refuses to release him. How much will he have cost the country by the time peace comes?

Insult

By the way, the War Office should note an allegation that in at least one unit married men are medically examined when they return from seven days' leave at home.

Expensive Expenses

There is much exaggeration in stories about war workers "missing the shift" in order to avoid payment of income-tax.

But undoubtedly the workers have a grievance. They should be permitted tax rebate for such expenses as fares and working clothes.

Law's Delays

A JOHN BULL man, called for jury service at the Old Bailey on May 13, was told at the end of the morning to return on June 10, then wasted another morning, was ordered to attend next day, wasted another morning, and was again told to turn up next day.

Is it really impossible to devise a more economical jury service for war time?

Red Tape

Civil Service regulations seem designed to discourage hustling.

Suppose an official is granted 4s. allowance if he leaves the office for seven hours on business. Should he be able to do the job in five hours he cannot claim anything. So it pays him to dawdle for two hours.

Cutting the Cloth

Board of Trade must be careful that its anxiety to reduce unessential manufacture does not hamper essential supplies.

One firm wanted a licence to buy 2,000 yards of mounting cloth to make educational maps required by the Government of South Africa and London A.R.P.

After much correspondence, the firm has been offered 300 yards.

Room for Saving

But the Board should be more drastic in pruning supplies for women's dress-wear.

Such unrationed goods as hats, fancy belts, and the ornaments that women call "etceteras" often take days to make by girls who should be employed on war work.

Going Too Far

We have made it plain that we uphold the rights of genuine conscientious objectors. But surely it is not right to apply for the registration of the Central Board for C.O.s under the War Charities Act in order to give financial assistance to objectors and their families?

The War Charities Act should be reserved for sufferers who take part in the war, not for those who refuse to do so.

Forgotten Men

Admitted anomaly is that though wage increases have been granted to shipbuilders not a farthing has been added to the very low wages of clerical workers in the yards.

Mr. Bevin, please note.

Still Going Strong

"Staking Everything on Britain isn't Gambling" was a *Bullet* that won first prize way back in 1931.

Rawtenstall Corporation has borrowed it as a slogan for its War Weapons Week, so a ten-year-old is helping to beat Hitler.

WORK OR FIGHT!

DURING the next few months Mr. Ernest Bevin, Minister of Labour and National Service, wants to recruit another 750,000 men and women for the factory front.

They are available. Should he need twice as many, the country will have to supply them, for, to use his own words: "We are challenged by the fully mobilised resources of a continent."

We lost Crete for lack of weapons; in particular, aeroplanes and anti-aircraft guns.

Obviously, there were contributory causes, but the salient facts emerging from the debate in Parliament is our continued shortage of war material.

This shortage must be made good at top speed, and the only way to make it good is to mobilise the nation's entire manpower.

FROM NOW ONWARDS EVERY ABLE-BODIED ADULT SHOULD BE REQUIRED TO "WORK OR FIGHT." THAT WAS PRESIDENT WILSON'S ORDER OF THE DAY TO HIS COUNTRYMEN IN THE LAST WAR.

A similar order has just been issued by President Roosevelt, even though the United States is not officially at war with its old enemy.

Henceforward, Americans, granted deferment from military training to work in defence industries, will have to get on with their jobs or else be reclassified and drafted into the Services.

"Work or fight!"—In magnificent majority the people of Britain have already accepted this stern alternative.

Most of them are working or fighting, but there are some idlers, triflers and artful dodgers in every section of the community.

And there are great numbers still doing work of small importance, or wasted in occupations to which they are not suited.

Without Fear or Favour

★

By THE EDITOR

LOOK round about you in the streets and observe how many youngish men are still in "civvies." They are not to be blamed for that, but it is impossible to believe that all of them are strictly indispensable in their reserved occupations.

JOHN BULL DOESN'T PRETEND TO BELIEVE IT. WE ARE CERTAIN THAT WOMEN COULD REPLACE A MULTITUDE OF CLERICAL WORKERS, AND WE ARE SCARCELY LESS CERTAIN THAT MANY OF THE LATTER WOULD NOT NEED TO BE REPLACED AT ALL.

Government departments are swarming with "pen pushers." There are nearly 28,000 officials employed by the Ministry of Food, over 9,000 by the Ministry of Supply, and nearly 6,000 by the Ministry of Aircraft Production.

The Ministry of Information has a staff of 1,357 in London alone! Can they *all* be necessary?

The worst of it is that all these administrative hives tend to become more densely populated as time goes on. The workers and the drones both become more numerous.

We realise that, with expanding responsibilities, certain increases of staff are inevitable, and we do not wish in any way to disparage the clerical worker as such.

But JOHN BULL believes that in this time of urgent national need we should rid our minds of the old and false and snobbish tradition that "white collar" workers are in any way more valuable than miners, builders, dockers, farm labourers and skilled craftsmen, who use their hands as well as their heads.

It is not the collar that matters, but only the way we pull against it. Let Mr. Bevin remember that and take the hint.

Work or fight—there can be no excuse whatever for those who are exempted from fighting only to fight shy of work.

But many of them *have* been doing so in the docks, where the utmost speed and loyalty are essential to us. Only the other day 600 dockers were suspended from work at Liverpool for failure to turn up when needed for cargo priority work.

"Slackers," said Mr. H. L. Pugh, the Port Labour Superintendent, "will not be tolerated."

So far so good, but what JOHN BULL wants to see is the boycott of all loafers by their own mates.

In the docks and in the pits, in the factories and on the land, willing workers have been far too tolerant of the greedy and worthless slackers in their midst—the malcontents, the humbugs and the glib lay lawyers, who insist on their own "rights" while they do their country wrong.

SUCH MEN ARE UNFORTUNATELY TO BE FOUND AMONG THE OFFICERS OF INDUSTRY AS WELL AS THE RANK AND FILE. THEY SHOULD BE RUTHLESSLY EXPOSED AND, IF THEY WILL NOT MEND THEIR WAYS, IT WOULD BE FAR BETTER TO CLAP THEM INTO UNIFORM THAN TO SUSPEND THEM FROM THE WORK THEY NEVER HONESTLY DO IN ANY CASE.

And that is another hint for Mr. Bevin and his colleagues.

We are, taken by and large, a cheerful and hard-working people, apt to grumble at restrictions, but ready enough to endure them doggedly when we know they are necessary.

Though nobody objects to rationing as a general principle, many people are asking why the devil we should be rationed in coal, seeing that it was one of our major exports and we are exporting no longer.

Why? Partly, at all events, because 100,000 miners have left the pits since the war began.

They should be called back immediately, and so should builders, dockers, farm labourers and all other essential workers who were foolishly withdrawn from industry.

Long ago JOHN BULL warned the Government against repeating this particular blunder of the last war. And yet we now find that thousands of building trade workers have had to be recalled from the fighting services already to build aerodromes and to repair damage by enemy bombs!

WE have no wish to embarrass the Government with futile criticisms, but we do beg Ministers to realise that the problem of manpower is chiefly a problem of organisation. The power is always available; it is for them to direct it into the right channels.

EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT, APART FROM MERE "SLACKERS," THERE ARE A FEW PEOPLE DELIBERATELY TRADING UPON THE NATION'S WAR NEEDS.

Lord Woolton, for instance, though he deserves credit for ensuring a reasonable supply of rationed foods to the whole community, admits that profiteering is going on in commodities still unrationed.

More than that; he knows the offenders. They may be breaking no actual law, but why, knowing them, should he not name them?

Why, by the same token, should Mr. A. H. Maxwell, the Tobacco Controller for the Board of Trade, admit that the present famine is partly caused by certain trade interests without telling us who they are?

IT IS NOT A BIT OF USE TO THREATEN ACTION AT SOME VAGUE AND FUTURE DATE. WE WANT ACTION NOW. WE WANT ALL PROFITEERS TO BE PILLORIED OR PUNISHED AT ONCE. TO-MORROW NEVER COMES, AND WE ARE DESPERATELY SHORT OF "SMOKES" TO-DAY.

THE same tendency to "delayed action" is obvious in many other directions. From all the reception areas we receive complaints of extortionate charges for rent or furnished lodgings.

But, when actual cases are brought before the local Bench, they seem usually to be dismissed, and so this contemptible racket still goes on.

Our leaders are just as much required to work or fight as we are ourselves under their leadership. There is no room even at the top for slackers or muddlers.

We have as a nation to achieve maximum output at top speed. All who impede this effort, whether wilfully or by reason of plain inefficiency, should be sacked without hesitation or removed.

The Nazis do not hesitate. They make all their people work or fight. We can work better and fight better than they do, but we have no time to lose.

So coats off everybody! We don't want this war to last for ever.

HUMAN MACHINE

Adventure Beckons

● **Sir Hugh Walpole, the novelist, began one of his books with these words: "It isn't life that matters; it is the courage you bring to it."**

And the late Sir James Barrie said: "There are glorious years lying ahead of you—if you choose to make them glorious."

Those are truths of our times. No use, nowadays, to have a poor, spiritless attitude to life! No use, in days like these, bothering about what happens to us!

What matters to-day is the spirit in which we're going to meet whatever comes.

We all need to prepare at any moment to leave our safe, smooth and familiar ways, to journey with high hearts and resolute courage wherever adventure beckons.

And adventure need not be just the physical adventure of the body.

For most of us it will not be that. It will be the much harder, much more risky adventure of the mind and the spirit.

We shall have to welcome new ideas, new proposals, new ways and new thoughts. We shall have to be ready to experiment, to try and to reject and to accept.

We need to cultivate to-day that spirit of which Browning sang:

"Then welcome each rebuff
That turns life's smoothness rough,
That bids not sit nor stand, but go."

We should be proud and glad to do so. It is our heritage. It is the very heart of Freedom.

OPEN LETTERS

The Rt. Hon. LORD LEATHERS, Minister of War Communications

MY LORD,—You've had time to turn round in your new job. Now it's time you turned others out of theirs.

Sack the slackers! Fire the incompetents! Cut out the tomfool regulations that hamper our war potential!

Victory will be delayed unless we speed up transport.

And transport is still going slow.

In peace days the average rail goods wagon moved at only half a mile an hour (including shunting) between its despatch and arrival.

Better organisation could have increased that beetle's pace. In war rail speed could be improved by transferring many goods to the roads.

But stupid restrictions, designed to give the railways a monopoly, still throttle road transport.

Many lorries are prevented from taking return loads. Thousands of miles have to be covered with empty vehicles.

The new dock scheme, to hasten the "turn round" of munition ships, is not a complete success.

That is why I say: Co-ordinate transport. Sack all who stand in the way. Insist on efficiency and ignore vested interests.

The need is urgent.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ANTHONY EDEN, M.P., Foreign Secretary

DEAR SIR,—The Foreign Office reforms you have just carried out should be reckoned as one of the most important events of the war.

No longer will recruits be chosen for that holy of holies merely because of their social standing—or the school they went to.

No longer will dreary failures be appointed as ambassadors merely because of their seniority.

I congratulate you on opening the Diplomatic Service to men of experience and brains, whatever their incomes.

One thing more remains to be done. See that foreign countries are given British news fully and quickly!—JOHN BULL.

Lt.-General Sir ROYALD ADAM, Adjutant-General to the Forces

DEAR GENERAL,—A bricklayer has been in the Army for eighteen months—doing nothing.

He has lost his right eye, has poor sight in the other, and is completely deaf. Told that he is unfit for service, he is waiting his discharge.

How many more months must he wait for a medical board? Why on earth shouldn't a board of local doctors be allowed to recommend his immediate discharge?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. TOM WILLIAMS, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—Now I know why your Ministry has increased its staff.

Ever since war broke out, a reader has been bombarded with letters, forms and circulars by the Ministry, asking when he is going to plough up the three acres of rough paddock he used to own, how many tractors he wants, how many land girls he needs, and so on.

Well, he sold those three acres in 1939—and told you so, giving the name of the landlord.

But the forms still follow him all over Britain—a remarkable waste of paper and printing, time and temper.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEOFFREY INCE, Director Man Power

DEAR SIR,—After thirty-eight years, a Norwich charge hand has lost his job. A semi-skilled engineer, he can work a lathe and repair any kind of tractor or motor.

"There's no war work of that kind," the employment exchange told him.

So he pointed out that he was experienced in aerodrome construction. With the result that the exchange has offered him a job selling ice cream!—JOHN BULL.

BOARD OF MANAGEMENT, N.A.A.F.I.

GENTLEMEN,—Is it a fact that you are sending live-in employees on holiday for a week without their ration books?

If so, do you expect them to sponge on their friends or merely to starve?—JOHN BULL.

The PAPER CONTROLLER, Ministry of Supply

DEAR SIR,—On to my desk streams an endless avalanche of crank journals and expensively produced booklets issued by new twopenny-ha'-penny organisations.

My readers complain that their letter-boxes are filled with jewellers' catalogues and birth-control advertisements printed on fine-quality paper.

And yet important newspapers are starved of paper and housewives urged to save every scrap. It's all very odd.—JOHN BULL.

LORD QUICKSWOOD, Eton

MY LORD,—Luckily, there seems little support for your plea that the City of London should be rebuilt just as it was before the *blitz*—a warren of "narrow and obscure streets and courts."

If you are so intent on reviving the inconveniences of the past, why not argue that the City should be built on mediæval lines, complete with kitchen middens, torch-lit alleys and all the other abominations that led to the Great Plague?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P., Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—Many local councils are ignoring your instruction to prosecute all profiteering landlords.

Tell them that they won't get any Government grants unless they obey; and the public will get the protection it needs.—JOHN BULL.

WAR AGRICULTURAL COMMITTEE, Hampshire

GENTLEMEN,—Near Basingstoke is a large field "sown" with potatoes by conscientious objectors. Actually, the potatoes are lying on the ridges, uncovered.

A heavy roller has been used to try to bury them, so now some are crushed and frost-bitten, though about half a ton of good seed could still be saved.

It's worth saving, don't you think?—JOHN BULL.

DIRECTORS of EDUCATION, County Councils

GENTLEMEN,—For the rebuilding of Britain we shall need more builders and technicians than industry can possibly supply.

Let us begin, now, to train schoolboys for the trades concerned with Reconstruction—and let us cease to concentrate on producing armies of black-coated workers.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, Minister of Home Security

DEAR SIR,—A Dartford warden found work at Birmingham and offered his services to the A.R.P. there.

After much fuss he had to surrender his equipment to Dartford, but cannot obtain fresh kit at Birmingham—so he'll have to patrol in the *blitz* without steel helmet or respirator.

This is just a minor example of the muddle that could be ended if you made A.R.P. a *national* service on the lines of the new fire-fighting system.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. S. E. CROSSE, Exeter Solicitor

DEAR SIR,—Some fool should be prosecuted for allowing small boys to steal 1,000 cartridges, shell-cases, anti-tank mine detonators and the Mills bombs that they detonated and threw about.

You hope that more care will be taken to prevent live ammunition from falling into unauthorised hands.

Sharing your hope, I also want an explanation from the authorities.—JOHN BULL.

COMMODORE G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS' brilliant pen relives another epic in the saga of the Merchant Navy. Superb bluff not only robbed the Nazis of a valuable cargo, but began the thrilling death hunt of the *Graf Spee*

Bluff Starts A Death Hunt

IT would have made a fine subject for a Royal Academy picture.

The big ship was moving steadily across the face of a sunlit, rippling ocean. A few seagulls swooped lazily in her wake. A soft, heady breeze stirred the illimitable Atlantic into a vista of molten gold.

Nothing else was visible to the naked eye. But a look-out aboard the merchantman was calling urgently. On "monkey island" (the top bridge) the Skipper and First Officer stood together.

"I Don't Like the Cut of Her Jib"

Through their glasses they could see, infinitely astern, a cloud on the horizon, no bigger than a man's hand.

Then engine-room telegraph rang to full speed ahead. The Skipper spoke to the Chief Engineer.

She's got to step out for her life, Chief!" came his voice through the speaking tube. "There's a ship coming up astern, and I don't like the cut of her jib."

"Aye, aye, sir!" came the reply, in a thick Clydeside burr.

In the bowels of the ship, watch-keepers pulled open throttles, revolution indicators ticked steadily louder, steam gauges fluctuated. Plates pulsated, steam hissed through the pipes, steel shafts gleamed in faster time.

Time passed. The stain on the horizon took shape. Without glasses, now, it was possible to make out a tiny dark dot.

The merchantman was being steadily run down.

The Skipper, Captain William Stubbs, stared round the horizon. Not a vestige of mist—the sea as bald as a plate. No chance of cover, then.

He spoke to the engine-room again.

"Can you give her a bit more, Chief?"

"Aye!" came the economical Glasgow answer.

Already the ship—and she was a fast ship—was foaming along at a speed she was never built to reach. Now, as the steam head increased, it appeared as if she would burst her plates open. She shuddered and rang, and steadily the pace got faster.

But she was being overhauled.

The ship behind was identifiable with glasses now as a battleship.

"Five-point-nines, I should say?" the Mate queried laconically, as two shells came whining through the air and fell, exploding with cascades of water, to starboard.

Captain Stubbs nodded.

"She carries an aircraft catapult—yes—by the shape of that main fire control tower forr'ard she'll be the *Graf Spee*. I'm afraid she's got us, Mister."

The famous pocket battleship fired three more shells—the last one very close indeed. Then she ran up a message: "Heave-to or I sink you!"

Beyond a muttered comment which I cannot print, Captain Stubbs made no answer to that.

The game was up. But there was still a lot to be done.

The Skipper gave the First Officer some curt instructions. Then he spoke again to the engine-room.

"A Shell or Two!"

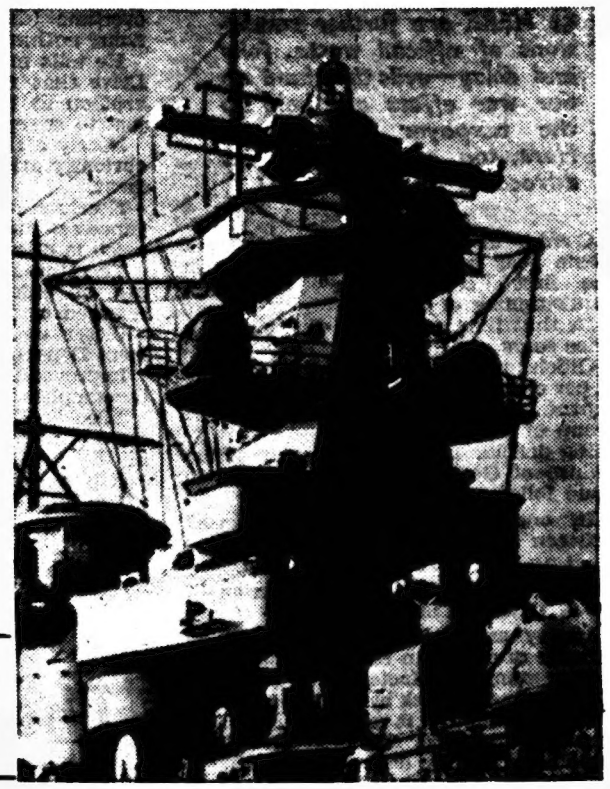
"Keep her going, Mac!" he said. "The *Graf Spee's* got us, I'm afraid, but I want time for some jobs to be done before she overhauls us. She may put a shell or two into us."

"Verra guid, sir!" came the answer from the man who knew that "a shell or two" would probably wreck the engine-room first of all.

Then Captain Stubbs ran down the ladders and got his crew to work.

No one took the slightest notice of the menacing messages from the battleship that was now within easy range. No one so much as turned a head at the shuddering explosion of three big five-point-nine shells from the *Graf Spee's* forward barbette, though they fell so close that the merchantman rang like a gong all over her metal hull.

No; these seamen of the Nelson breed began to run down into the holds and shift cargo as cargo had never been shifted before.



"Yes—by the shape of that main fire control tower forr'ard she'll be the Graf Spee. I'm afraid she's got us, Mister."

The pursuing warship ran up another signal.

"Stop your radio or I shall give you a full salvo amidships. This is my last warning."

The Ajax Warned

Captain Stubbs grinned when he saw that message—like a bulldog grins when it takes hold. But he raced down into the radio cabin and repeated it to William Comber, the radio officer.

"We carry on, sir, of course!" Comber said, with never a doubt, not even looking up from his instruments. "I believe I've got a British cruiser. I think it's *Ajax*—but she's not answering now, of course."

"Good lad. Yes, carry on!" came the order.

Then Stubbs ran to his own cabin. Outside came the sound of gunfire instantly followed by further explosions—the most deafening yet. But the shells did not land aboard.

"She thinks she'll scare us!" Stubbs muttered, grinning like mad to himself as he grabbed up his papers and codes, all ready weighted against just such an emergency, and stormed up on deck again.

Over they went—and down through the green seas like a plummet, out of sight, and for ever out of reach of any German unless he cared to dive five miles deep.

As Stubbs hurled them overside, there came a throaty rattle of machine-gun fire, and silver splashes of lead appeared on the deck around him. He spat calmly overside and turned for cover.

The *Graf Spee*, almost alongside now, was slewing her main 11-in. guns on to the merchantman. Another minute, and from that point-blank range she would be smashed into a flaming crater.

With a hard look on his face, Captain Stubbs rang "Full Speed Astern!" to the engine-room, and at the same time the Red Duster fluttered down the mast in surrender.

With a thrashing of white water, both ships stopped, not much more than a biscuit-toss apart. The *Graf Spee*, her machine-guns and heavier armament all trained, lowered away a boat, and round-hatted German sailors pulled an enemy officer across to the captured vessel's side.

Stubbs, dogged and silent, received him.

He was white-faced with temper.

"Why did you not stop your radio, damn you!" he snapped out in clipped English. "You shall pay for that! So shall your men!"

And the German ran to the radio room, drawing his revolver as he went. Stubbs stumped along at his heels.

"What messages did you send out?" shouted the German. "Who answered them?"

No Change for Him!

Comber stared at him with a curling lip. The German lifted his revolver.

"None o' that!" Stubbs snapped in a quarter-deck voice. "I'm in command on this ship. That man obeyed his orders."

The German turned snarling on him.

"Very good, Kapitan! Then you shall be punished for this also. Now hand over your papers."

"They're fifty fathoms under our bottom—and still going down!" the Skipper answered stiffly. "Anything else I can do for you, Mister?"

"Show me your cargo!" muttered the German, breathing hard. He menaced Stubbs with his revolver, and added: "What are you carrying? No lies, now! We can soon find out!"

Stubbs' face went a shade darker. "Radio Zeesen's the shop for lies—not my ship. As for cargo, you're sold again. I'm carrying wool. But don't trust me—I advise you to have a look for yourself.

The German, in his tight uniform, seemed in danger of bursting. Driving Captain Stubbs before him with his revolver, he went on deck again.

Anxious to Help

"Go down and look at the cargo!" he ordered a Coxswain who had come with the boarding party. "I believe the swine are only carrying wool. Look sharp—don't stand there staring!"

The Coxswain saluted, and with a file of men went below.

The crew of the captured ship were most anxious to help him. Smarting from his officer's reproof, he was amazed to find the damned English so friendly. Seamen almost fell over each other to show him round the holds; he smiled, comparing their inefficient eagerness with German copybook precision, as they showed him the wool.

And so the Coxswain came on deck and reported that he had made a thorough search, and that the ship carried, as stated, a full cargo of wool.

Wool was no use to the Germans, and the officer bit his lip.

Brutally he ordered the British crew into the boats.

Presently he went back to the battleship to report to Captain Langsdorff—one of the most chivalrous and gallant officers who ever sailed the seas.

The *Graf Spee* swung her big guns a point round, and suddenly flamed all along her broadside as she put into the sitting target a salvo of heavy shells that blew the British vessel into splintered rags.

Almost immediately the merchantman heeled right over and sank.

There were growls from the boats as the seamen there saw their abandoned vessel go down, and watched the up-gush of stuff spewed out of the sunken ship's interior.

As the vortex calmed again, Captain Langsdorff spoke sharply to the German Lieutenant at his side.

"That is not wool!" he snapped. "Look there—and there. . . . Did you examine the cargo?"

The Lieutenant stammered and stuttered that it had been thoroughly examined.

Wool Over His Eyes

"The English tricked you nicely," Langsdorff said sharply. "I suppose they pulled some wool over the other stuff, and it was sufficient for you. They also pulled wool over your eyes."

And that was exactly what they had done.

The sunken ship carried a heavy cargo of butter, cheese and meat, for which Germany would have given a lot. But, except for a few spoiled items, it went down into the deep sea to be food for Mermaids; and I hope they liked it.

Captain Stubbs had taken the last trick, and he grinned all over his face as he thought of it!

And meanwhile three grey forms were already hounding across the sunlit sea, running on a blood-spoor for vengeance—*Ajax*, *Achilles*, and *Exeter*—coming up hand over fist, to win a glorious day's renown.

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NEXT WEEK: "They Knocked Down a Heinkel with their Mainmast!"

AERODROME WASTED

STRONG protests were made when it was decided to build an aerodrome somewhere in the Home Counties.

For there were sound arguments why enemy bombers should not be attracted to this particular district.

Troops had their barracks near by.

Close to the site, also, was an important war hospital.

But all protests failed to penetrate the thick heads of Officialdom.

Work on the site began. It went on for months.

Runways were laid down, hangars built up and a special lighting system installed.

Only when the job was finished and the last workmen had left did Officialdom begin to appreciate the arguments it had loftily rejected.

What of the military encampment near the new aerodrome? And what of the war hospital?

Quite Unsuitable

These questions were deeply pondered. Solemn conferences were held.

With the result that, a week or two ago, it was decided that the site was really quite unsuitable.

And so a perfectly-built aerodrome, to which builders and materials had been transported from many miles away, is to be discarded.

INDEED, LOCAL RESIDENTS EXPECT THAT THE WORK OF DEMOLISHING IT WILL SOON BEGIN.

I can tell you of another air station where more than £200,000 was spent *in excess* of the original estimate.

So you will not be surprised to hear that in a single year of war a good deal more than £6,000,000 went in "excesses of expenditure" on the construction of Service camps and similar works.

Sir Andrew Duncan, Minister of Supply, can speed much-needed war supplies by curbing the men who throw our money about

● ***HERE are further revelations of official waste, folly and delay—evils that hold up our war effort and hold up the taxpayer to ransom. Here, too, are the remedies advocated by JOHN BULL***

Owing to departmental delays, a whole year sometimes elapses between the first "consideration" and final requisitioning of a site.

In that time, of course, the purchase price soars.

Official records prove that from 17 to 91 per cent. has been added to authorised expenditure during the erection of one group of war factories!

Big deficits have arisen because of the failure of Government Departments to issue follow-up contracts.

In one case, three months elapsed between the completion of a first contract and the granting of a second.

That meant a break in production—a break that cost money.

Money and labour are also wasted because of delays in essential supplies.

One munitions factory was promised 3,000 castings a week by the Government.

In eight months it received only 30,000 instead of 315,000. Its men and plant were kept idle for days at a stretch.

Officials "combed" the whole country for machine tools urgently needed by a contractor.

All the time, a large supply of those tools was lying in a dock warehouse.

It had arrived months earlier from the United States—and had been forgotten.

Wages for Nothing

One big construction job, still in progress, should have been finished at the end of last year.

According to official books, a huge army of experienced men was engaged.

But when impatience led to belated inquiries, it was found that only half the number of men had started work.

Lack of efficient supervision, a Parliamentary Committee has reported, is becoming "a permanent and undesirable feature generally."

Letters I receive from workers in many parts of the country provide damning details to that grave allegation.

"In South Wales recently," writes one reader, "I was amazed at the hopeless state of confusion at a war factory.

"Far too many people were employed in the early stages of the work, and so most of them had to lounge about.

Another man tells me of boys who earn men's wages just for brewing tea.

"If you could walk through our works at any time of the day," says a third man, "you'd find large numbers of men playing cards.

"I was given a job in a Scottish factory. After settling down to real work, two workmen told me to walk about the yard until dinner-time as I had done enough for that morning."

Double Pay for Lounging!

A hairdresser whose saloon is near a Government factory hears things that make his blood boil—and mine, too.

His customers openly boast of drawing overtime (double pay on Sundays) for doing nothing.

He tells me of a so-called Production Drive that resulted in four men being kept on at full wages in one workshop just to sweep the floor.

Nearly all these examples of slacking obviously arise from inefficient management.

Nearly all the major forms of extravagance are due to lack of planning *before* a job is begun.

Therefore, it seems to me, the whole evil of official squandering could be removed by these safeguards:

Closer co-operation between Government Departments;

Improved transport system to speed-up the supplies of raw materials;

"Pool" all expert labour and form a corps of mobile workers, as is being done in the building trade, to move them swiftly and with complete equipment to where they are urgently needed;

Supervision of all factories engaged on war production;

Removal of inefficient managers and foremen;

Proper canteen accommodation for all workers;

Local labour to be drawn upon wherever possible;

Standardisation of regulations in the various State Departments;

More standardisation of contracts and supplies.

These reforms, I am convinced, would not only save the nation immense sums of money; they would enable us to win the war more quickly.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MR. F. G. WRIGHT, Cavendish House, Waterloo Street, Birmingham, 2, receives this week's £1 1s. for information about a ramp on the public.

Mark envelopes: "Public Benefactor," and address them personally to me at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

They're After Your Cash

BAITING the trap with birds and bird-seed, a trickster in the West Country has netted at least £200 during the past few weeks.

This swindler has been inserting bogus advertisements offering several pairs of pedigree budgerigars and two cwt. of birdseed for sale.

Too trusting people have sent cash for the birds and the seed. One sent £7 10s., another £8 10s., and another £11.

They got neither budgerigars nor seed in return.

Now this crooked "bird" has flown away, leaving his victims poorer but wiser.

★ ★ ★

LOOK out, too, for the "Agency" swindlers who advertise offering to find you either guests or accommodation in safe areas.

They sometimes advertise that two maiden sisters want board and lodging in pleasant surroundings at five guineas a week each.

This bait attracts many replies. A preliminary to being put in touch with the two sisters is the payment of a guinea registration fee.

Many pay the guinea, but few get the boarders.

★ ★ ★

TRICKERY in a particularly mean form is being worked at Bradford, Leeds, and neighbouring towns.

An elderly woman and her two children tour the streets calling from house to house selling threepenny or sixpenny tickets in a school raffle to provide "Comforts for the Troops."

The name of the school is changed from district to district.

But none of the schools mentioned has ever organised such a raffle, and the woman with two children, "anxious to help our fighting boys," is just another swindler.

★ ★ ★

"CAN you address envelopes correctly?" asks E. W. S. Brooks, of the Mail Publicity Service, Penkridge, Staffs.

He offers to pay two shillings a hundred for addressed envelopes. The snag is that first of all you have to pay Brooks four shillings for his "Mail Publicity Plans."

Save your money and don't be gulled by Brooks and his profitable homework offers.

This homework expert has been working this racket for many years from many addresses.

★ ★ ★

ANOTHER homework specialist is Mr. W. A. Kemp, who offers work to "artists and amateurs."

His London "Studio," which was a furnished room at Ealing, seems to have been closed down, and has now been removed to Bispham, Lancs.

He now offers a new form of art work which "Makes practical money-making success quite certain."

"A certain and very fascinating and profitable end is assured," writes W. A. Kemp to a client. "Please write with fee of 90s. by return."

This new form of art work is a certain money-making success for no one except Mr. Kemp!

★ ★ ★

WITH the sugar shortage comes a topical form of swindling in the sale of bogus sugar substitutes.

Slick salesmen tell the housewife that a packet of the substitute will double or treble the sugar ration.

Analysis of some of these preparations shows that they contain one part saccharine to one hundred parts of calcium carbonate or chalk!

This form of downright swindling is very widespread.

★ ★ ★

Look out, too, for bogus fruit substitutes in powder form.

Many housewives short of oranges and lemons pay fancy prices for something "just as good."

Some of these preparations are chemical products of doubtful value sold at profiteering prices.

★ ★ ★

An egg substitute which was sold in large quantities to wives at a London street market recently was found to be nothing but cornflour.

So beware the substitute fakers.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

Hitler Lie Exposed

By WILLI FRISCHAUER

JUST before the war a German yacht returned to Kiel from a two years' cruise round the world.

The skipper—burly, smiling but energetic Count Felix von Luckner—jumped ashore to greet a party of Nazi naval officers.

Luckner was the ace sea raider of the last war. He sunk thousands of tons of Allied and American shipping before he was captured by the British.

But his raiding expeditions never cost the life of a single seaman. He saved them all.

This reputation helped Luckner on his 1939 cruise, which, he said, was made to retrace his last war activities on the seven seas.

Champagne flowed at his parties in America; he found good friends in South Africa, New Zealand and New Guinea.

Only Australia, where Luckner spent a hectic week, was suspicious.

An Australian seaman who had served on Luckner's yacht declared that he carried the most up-to-date naval apparatus on his "pleasure" boat.

And all along the world-wide cruise he had carefully mapped the coastlines, observed the weather and charted the atmosphere, had measured, drawn, photographed and calculated.

"Goodwill Visit"

In Greenland General Udet of the *Luftwaffe* dropped from the sky in a Nazi plane on a "goodwill visit."

Both Luckner and Udet were preparing for war against the Western Hemisphere.

They helped to spread the Nazi spider's web across the Americas.

Propaganda units, sabotage squads, spies, economic agents and military instructors are already in their places.

It is easy to follow the intended line of Nazi advance from Dakar across the sea to Brazil, the Nazi base for the conquest of the United States.

Over a million Germans live in Brazil. Since 1933 they have been strictly organised on Nazi Party lines.

There are more than 1,200 German schools in Southern Brazil alone. Teachers are furnished with Nazi propaganda material.

Brazilian Nazis, under the leadership of a wealthy manufacturer, Renner, and his four sons, are organised into S.A. brownshirt and S.S. black guard units. They have big stores of arms hidden away—arms imported from Germany as "agricultural implements."

Renner employs over 5,000 Brazilian workers, but all his foremen and supervisors are Germans who hand out Nazi propaganda material every day.

On the other side of the South American Continent, in Chile, the Nazis can count on some 70,000 Germans as first-line collaborators in their designs.

You'd think the Army was composed of Reichswehr officers and soldiers.

They have not only been trained by German staff officers, but they are equipped with uniforms that are exact copies of the Reichswehr outfit.

Further north, different forms of Nazi infiltration have been tried.

The Panama Canal zone is the Nazi agent's delight. Shipping spies, geographical experts from General Haushofer's espionage organisation, are furiously busy in this region.

Mexico, of course, is the first line of Nazi preparations for attack against the United States.

Only a few weeks ago, Americans were shocked to discover how deeply the Nazi bacillus has eaten into Mexico's economic life, how its infection has ingeniously been carried across the border and right into the heart of the U.S.A.

Trusted Agents

American firms have just discovered that their trusted South American agents are Nazis.

Guido Moebius, local Gauleiter of Monterey, has trained and equipped a force of 150 Nazi storm-troopers.

In private life he controls one of the country's largest radio stations.

Felix Beick, a Nazi blacklisted by the British contraband control authorities, presides over 80 drug stores, and is a leading member of the American Chamber of Commerce in Mexico!

To reinforce this vast economic Fifth Column, Hitler recently sent Dr. Kurt Rieth, a rich German industrialist and former Nazi Minister to Austria at the time of the Dollfuss murder.

But Rieth, protector of the first Nazi Fifth Column ever to operate in Europe, has ventured too far afield.

He travelled to the United States under false pretences, and was promptly arrested.

In the meantime, Goebbels' organisation provides a comfortable background for the work of these Fifth Columnists. Hundreds of Mexican and South American papers obtain their news service from a Nazi news agency, the "Transocean."

Transocean's director, Dr. Manfred Zapp, a dapper, dark, bespectacled Nazi, has been indicted by an American grand jury because of his close association with Nazi officers and agents.

Released on bail pending trial, he still lives in a fashionable New York hotel, and carries on his work.

Zapp supplies over 10,000 words of Nazi information and news every day. He receives it by short-wave radio and hands it out even though his customers never pay their subscription.

Though he is described as the Nazis' chief propaganda agent in the Western Hemisphere, his activities are controlled by the principal Nazi agent in the U.S.A., Captain Frit Wiedemann.

It is because of Wiedemann that American arms factories have to be guarded by troops against attempts at sabotage.

In Higher Circles

While outwardly dissociating himself from the German-American Bund (the vast Nazi organisation from which spies and saboteurs are recruited) he is busy in higher social circles.

He can count on help from pro-Vichy Frenchmen, German film actresses in Hollywood, the notorious Princess Hohenlohe and hundreds of minor agents.

Observation of British ships in American ports, exploration of America's defence preparation against Japan, the eventual unleashing of all the paraphernalia of sabotage are Wiedemann's chief tasks.

Other Nazi consuls in the U.S. work hand in glove with him.

His word is command even to the German Chargé d'Affaires in Washington.

Authorities in South and North America are not blind to all these facts, which are freely discussed in the American Press.

G-men, long trained in the war against gangsters, are now beginning to deal with the Nazis' political thugs.

And Hitler protests that he has no designs on the Western Hemisphere!

"Thumbs up!" said the smiling ex-U-Boat commander when he returned to Kiel after a round-the-world "pleasure cruise." For he had prepared the way for a Nazi invasion of America

History as It Happens

SO sweeping is the response to JOHN BULL's great War Time Book Opportunity, *The People's History of the Second World War*, that this offer must now be withdrawn.

Readers who have not already applied for their copies of this book should do so at once, before it is too late.

Here, in nearly 600 pages, including 30 pages of specially compiled strategic maps, is history written while it is happening—and yours, if you apply at once, at an amazingly low privilege price.

Turn to page 19 for fuller details.

THESE MEN DELIVER THE GOODS

A SCRAMBLE of low buildings, the usual wind-sock and a broad stretch of grass. It might be just another aerodrome. But this is something special in flying fields—a Ferry Pilot Pool.

Leaning against the bar in the canteen, a slight man with grizzled hair glances at his watch and swallows the remains of his coffee. You might mistake him for a naval officer. He wears a dark blue uniform with gold tabs and a peaked cap.

It is the ferry pilot's uniform, and because this man is the smallest member of his particular bunch they have nicknamed him "Two-Ton-Tony."

★ ★ ★

It is nearly nine o'clock. Time to get cracking. "Two-Ton" strolls along to report to the Duty Officer. He has to collect a *Defiant* fighter from the North and deliver it to the South of England.

From there he will return another machine for repairs, and later in the afternoon deliver a new bomber to Storage.

The Duty Officer carefully records all this. He can tell you where any of his pilots should be at any given hour.

This ferry pilot pool is duplicated at strategic points throughout the whole country. Each pool collects and delivers new aircraft within a certain area, but the whole network is under one Central Control.

Every day they receive from the Ministry of Aircraft Production a schedule of planes awaiting delivery.

These men are not bred and born to the fighting life. They are commercials.

Volunteers must have an "A" ticket and must not be over 50 years of age. No knowledge of the latest types of planes is necessary on enrolment. These veteran pilots get a course in Air Transport Auxiliary's own training school, where they master all the intricacies of *Defiants* and *Beaufighters*.

Already the ranks of the A.T.A. include Spaniards, Canadians, Frenchmen and Americans.

Some of these men are amazed at the training school. The powers of the latest machines dazzle old-timers used to commercial crates.

Distributing pilots from pools to "pick-ups" has necessitated a fleet of taxi planes, which fly the men to the planes awaiting delivery.

Some planes the ferry pilots will deliver direct to operational bases. Others are taken to Storage Depots.

New war-planes are not built complete at one factory. The main body of the plane is finished at the first factory, another factory fits radio equipment, a third sets the guns, and a fourth special equipment.

★ ★ ★

It all necessitates considerable interchange of planes from one factory to another, but they work at lightning speed.

Sometimes, in the course of one day, the ferry pilot will handle four entirely different types of plane.

If news comes through that a plane is urgently required from factory A, for base C, and ferry pilot 145 has just arrived at factory A, he probably finds fresh instructions awaiting him . . . "Proceed base C with new bomber."

Once instructions were stretched a little. The story has not been told before. It belongs to the Dunkirk days, when ferry pilots went out to France to fly planes back to safety.

Some of the planes were in full fighting trim, and certain ferry pilots immediately went off on a lone prowl, looking for likely *Messerschmitts*. It was dead against strict instructions. But who could miss a chance like that!

★ ★ ★

Another American pilot was delivering a new fighter to its base when a heavy mist developed.

The petrol gauge flickered ominously towards nought.

His few remaining drops began to go fast. Only one thing for it. Turn her over. . . . Pull back the "lid." . . .

Slithering down through the clammy darkness, waiting for his parachute to open, he saw a black monster hurtling after him. His own plane was chasing him down! It gave him a glancing blow as it screamed past. He was only shaken.

There is always the possibility that a ferry pilot may meet an enemy plane. He has special instructions for such emergencies. To date no ferry pilot has been shot down by an enemy plane.

There are many famous fliers in the ranks of A.T.A. Scott, Mollison and Belville, for instance.

But the tide of planes pouring from our factories is straining the resources of the Corps. They want more men.

Vincent Brome.

THE WAR'S VITAL P

No one can yet calculate when victory will come, but the next few months will decide whether it will be soon or whether the struggle will stretch over longer and steeper paths

By A. G. GARDINER

IN the history of the war June 8 will be a red-letter day. For on that day an event of profound significance occurred. *We took the initiative.*

Up to that day we had danced to Hitler's tune. He had dictated the strategy of the war. He was always on the offensive. We were always on the defensive. He struck and we countered.

Often we countered with decisive effect, as in the Battle of Britain and the raid into Libya. But always he gained ground, and always he kept the initiative.

The immense superiority of his military machine enabled him to recover from a set-back, shift the centre of the battle, and keep us on the retreat.

This was the story from Norway to Crete. It had left us without a foothold on the Continent of Europe, except the Rock of Gibraltar.

Leaving the sea out of the question, no offensive strategic move had originated from us.

And it is because on June 8 we, for the first time, called the tune that it is a date to be remembered. It is much too soon to count our Syrian chickens. We have had too many disappointments for that.

BUT IN FORESTALLING HITLER'S ADVANCE INTO ASIA WE HAVE STRUCK THE MOST DRAMATIC STRATEGIC BLOW WE HAVE YET DELIVERED IN THE WAR.

Whatever may be the outcome it has upset Hitler's strategy in the Middle East, and has robbed him of the initiative.

For once we have beaten him in the matter of speed.

When Nelson was asked the secret of his victories, he replied: "I always manage to be a quarter of an hour ahead of the other fellow."

In this case we acted on Nelson's maxim. We jumped the claim a quarter of an hour ahead of the enemy.

Two things favoured us. When Hitler had battered his way to the Mediterranean his problem was to establish himself in Syria with the utmost speed, preparatory to (a) seizing the Mosul oil-fields; (b) attacking the Suez Canal from the east.

TWO routes lay before him—one by land, one by sea. The land route lay through Turkey, and Turkey had warned him that she would fight.

This would mean delay, and Hitler could not delay. Moreover, there was the inscrutable Stalin. Who could say what his action would be if Germany attacked the Dardanelles?

So Hitler decided for the sea-route. He had the Vichy traitors in his pocket. Through their control of Syria he could by-pass Turkey and get such a dominion of the air and the strategic positions as would make him master of that country before we dared to move.

Meanwhile his tool, Raschid Ali, was to organise rebellion in Irak, seize power and capture the Mosul oil-fields. With himself master of Syria and his creature master of the Euphrates Valley we should be effectively blanketed.

But the programme went wrong in two particulars. Raschid Ali shot his bolt before Hitler, busy in Crete, could give him help, and he was put to flight.

And the treachery of Vichy was disclosed before Hitler had time to "cash-in" on it.

WITH that disclosure we took the plunge.

It was, as Wellington said of Waterloo, "a damned near-run thing," but we managed to be in Syria "a quarter of an hour ahead of the other fellow."

AT THE LOWEST VALUATION, THIS IS A STROKE OF CAPITAL IMPORTANCE. IT THROWS HITLER'S SCHEME OUT OF JOINT. IT UPSETS HIS TIME-TABLE. IT SHATTERS HIS DREAM OF ANOTHER *FAIT ACCOMPLI.*

Even if he can effect a landing in force he is faced with a formidable struggle in which, for the first time, the advantages will not be with him, but with us.

For his most advanced base is 400 miles away, across a sea which he does not command.

Whatever his control of the Vichy gang, he cannot hope that the French soldiery in Syria will fight with any enthusiasm on behalf of Germany.

Nor is the Arab population disposed to be friendly to the Germans, whom they fear, or the Italians, whom they hate.

Finally, the fact that the British Army is now securely in possession of Irak and the Mosul oil-fields completes the failure of the plans with which Hitler embarked on his Asiatic enterprise.

In the dilemma on which our Syrian initiative has impaled him, Hitler must improvise a new strategy.

On the face of it he cannot acknowledge failure in Syria. To do so would not only be a heavy blow to his prestige: it would defeat his thrust at the Suez Canal and Egypt by which he hopes to drive us from the Mediterranean.

WITHOUT THE ABILITY TO PRESS HOME HIS ATTACK FROM THE EAST AS WELL AS FROM THE WEST, HE CAN HARDLY EXPECT TO REACH HIS GOAL.

AND SYRIA IS THE ONLY SPRING-BOARD FROM WHICH THE EASTERN ATTACK CAN BE LAUNCHED.

If he fails to establish himself there by sea he has only one alternative. It is to get through to Syria by land, either with the consent of Turkey, or by force—if not across the Dardanelles, then by a descent from Rumania on the Black Sea coast of Turkey.

But if Turkey was determined to resist when Greece was overrun, she is not likely to surrender now that we are at her back in Irak and have a powerful army in Syria.

Moreover, an atack on Turkey by way of the Black Sea could only be undertaken with the consent of Russia.

And there must be some point at which Stalin will hesitate to cut his own throat in order to keep Hitler out of the Ukraine for a little longer.

THERE IS POSSIBLY A THIRD COURSE. IT IS THAT, WHILE KEEPING UP THE MENACE TO SYRIA, HITLER SHOULD STAKE EVERYTHING ON AN AVALANCHE FROM THE WEST. THERE ARE VARIOUS CONSIDERATIONS THAT MAY ENCOURAGE THIS GAMBLE.

The sensational success of Germany's "come-back" in Libya is one.

The convenience of supply across the narrow sea from Sicily to Tripoli, the connivance of the Vichy gang at the use by the Germans of Tunisian waters for transport, the fact that the possession of Crete has brought the German air force in striking distance of Tobruk and the African coast—these and other facts might well lead Hitler to risk all on an overwhelming sweep across the desert.

BUT whatever reply Hitler makes to the stroke of June 8, it cannot be doubted that that stroke has thrown his machine out of gear.

SWAFFER L

WHY NOT AN EMPIRE CABINET?

● In theory, there is a good case for an Empire War Cabinet. But how would it work out?

Field Marshal Smuts, the only Dominions statesman whose experience and stature merit his selection on personal grounds, has, in South Africa, grave racial problems to handle.

Robert Menzies has a majority of only one, which he might lose any day. Neither Peter Frazer of New Zealand nor Mackenzie King of Canada has the world experience for their being chosen.

As it is, Beaverbrook, who is a Canadian, naturally represents Commonwealth views.

I am all for Smuts joining the Cabinet; but I am afraid it is impossible.

ARE THE GERMANS ELATED?

● In a year, Hitler has conquered nearly the whole of Europe, entered Copenhagen, Oslo, Brussels, Amsterdam, Paris, Belgrade and Athens.

Are these victories celebrated?

An American editor told me, last week, that when the Germans entered Paris he cabled his man in Berlin to send a[n account of] the rejoicings.

"There were [no] joicings and [no] since," he said.

Finding a [re]a went to see the fight, in which expected to [k]no the punch with everybody else.

When it was round, Dempsey head. Carpentie

"I have s[een] seemed to be t[he] hasn't finished I do?"

A few rounds "The Germa like Carpentier "They delivere country a kn then Britain t took it. So, de quests, they And they also all, they were b

WHO STIFL

● "British the desp the world," de editor of the which is owned War Cabinet.

The reason Duff Cooper, i Monckton, an made to the

★ *Have you any questions you would like to offer Swaffer? If so, address them to the Editor*

PHASE

He has lost time. We have gained time. For the moment at all events he has been robbed of the initiative. We have seized it.

As Mr. Churchill said in the debate on Crete, we must see this vast battlefield of the eastern Mediterranean as one action.

And seeing it thus, we are entitled to set against the tragedy of Crete the striking turn of events in Irak and Syria.

We have now a formidable bastion there against the inrush of the barbarians. Moreover, with Abyssinia liquidated we have powerful reinforcements ready to meet the avalanche from the west.

AND, casting our eyes over the wider scene, of which even the battle of the eastern Mediterranean is only a part, we have reason for confidence.

Against the treachery of Vichy we can set the rising tide of Free France against Vichy.

We can hear the ominous rumblings of Hitler's slave states from Norway to Greece. We can take new hope that the critical Battle of the Atlantic is going in our favour.

Above all, the tide of American aid is rolling in with ever increasing volume.

WE HAVE BUT TO HOLD ON THIS SUMMER AS GRIMLY AND INFLEXIBLY AS WE HELD ON LAST SUMMER IN MORE DESPERATE CIRCUMSTANCES, AND THE BALANCE OF MATERIAL FORCES WILL TURN IN OUR FAVOUR.

Then the initiative, which we have taken momentarily, will be finally ours.

General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson (right) commands this red-letter day attack

ARGUE IT OUT — By PALLAS

Nazi Labour Front —and Ours

WHEN the history of this struggle is finally written, the verdict will be that three factors decided the issue—labour, economic resources, and directive genius.

Our resources, plus those of U.S.A., are incomparable; our race has never shown a lack of directive genius; and our workers, like our soldiers, sailors and airmen, are, man for man, more skilled than those of any other nation.

The way Labour rallied to the Empire's call, the sacrifices it has made, and is making, is one of the most magnificent features of our war effort.

But it can be misinterpreted.

The other day a man said to me: "Oh, yes, I suppose Labour's doing its bit. But we had to copy Hitler's methods to get totalitarian production." There was a sneer in his voice—the suggestion that the workers of this country had been coerced into giving of their unremitting best.

Now it is true that the State control of Labour is a rigid one. It is true that Mr. Bevin has powers which, put into effect, could change materially the life of every worker in Britain.

But it is a stupid and ignorant argument that control of Labour in this country is a compromise with Nazi methods.

* * *

On the surface, the compromise may seem there. In any war-time economy there must be similarities between nations which are going all out for victory.

But beneath the two Labour systems—one democratic, the other totalitarian—there are still wide and decisive differences.

British Labour at the outbreak of the war placed its services whole-heartedly at the disposal of the Government. Rights which had been gained through years of bitter struggle—and once gained had brought new hope to the workers of the world—were cheerfully surrendered for the duration.

What many people yet don't realise is that the subjugation of the German worker, the smashing of his trade unions, the seizure of his funds, and the strict regimentation of his everyday life, are all part and parcel of *permanent* Nazi policy and *not* war-time measures.

The filching of the rights of German workers began long before the war.

When Dr. Ley took office as Reich Labour chief, he began a systematic pillage of the whole Labour movement.

On Hitler's orders, he appropriated trades union funds, abolished the unions and transformed the free worker into the semi-slave. He took control of wages, of hours, of conditions of employment.

There was—there is—no appeal from Dr. Ley's decrees. Ley's is the word, but Hitler's is the action. Ley is a Hitler man; he is not of the people.

* * *

How different is the position of Mr. Bevin! All his life he has laboured for the workers whose energies he now controls. He is devoted to the cause of trades unionism; even to-day he is looking ahead.

He is trusted by Labour. No mother defending her children would fight more fiercely than Ernest Bevin championing the rights of workers.

Because of that the men who make our ships, our planes, our tanks and our guns know they will not be let down.

The structure of the trades union movement in Britain remains to-day as strong and as firm as ever. The rights surrendered by the workers are held in trust. They will be more than restored when the beast of Nazism is finally destroyed.

The morale of our workers is high. Long hours, cancelled holidays, a minimum of leisure are accepted as part of the price the Labour movement must pay to safeguard the democratic way of life and its accompanying benefits.

After the war the workers will realise that they have not toiled in vain. Out of the welter of blood, sweat and tears will come the true heritage of Labour—one richer and more impressive than that handed down by past generations.

The influence of the worker is still powerful to-day. To-morrow it will be unconfined. And in that greater, more magnificent Britain which we shall all help to build, the voice of the worker will play a dominant rôle.

ER LIFTS THE LID

Berlin to send a long description of the rejoicings.

"There were no spontaneous rejoicings and there haven't been any since," he said.

Finding a reason, he told how he went to see the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, in which the Frenchman was expected to knock out Dempsey with the punch with which he had beaten everybody else.

When it was delivered in the first round, Dempsey merely shook his head. Carpentier looked bewildered.

"I have given him all I know," he seemed to be thinking, "and yet it hasn't finished him! What else can I do?"

A few rounds later, Dempsey won.

"The Germans must be feeling like Carpentier," said my friend. "They delivered to country after country a knock-out punch, and then Britain, to their amazement, took it. So, despite their many conquests, they are still wondering. And they also remember that, after all, they were beaten last time.

WHO STIFLES THE NEWS?

● "British communiqués are the despair and laughter of the world," declares Frank Owen, editor of the *Evening Standard*, which is owned by a member of the War Cabinet.

The reason is that, in spite of Duff Cooper, in spite of Sir Walter Monckton, and despite promises made to the Press—yes, and I believe despite the Prime Minister himself!—Service chiefs deliberately treat the public as though they were kids.

It is a scandal. It was so in the last war. Unless there is a change in our system it will go on till the end of our island history.

Time after time, even Censors have apologised to editors for the way news has been cut.

"It is due to someone higher up," they have said. The unknown "someone" merely laughs.

WHY THIS SHELTER MUDDLE?

● After nearly two years of war it is disquieting to find an expert committee of the Association of Architects, Surveyors and Technical Assistants reporting to the Ministry of Home Security that millions of pounds are still being spent on unsatisfactory air raid shelters.

I am sometimes surprised that anything at all is done in Whitehall.

A responsible R.A.F. officer who, in peace time a newspaper man, is used to things being done quickly, told me, the other night, that, while it would have been easy to prepare for defence the Crete aerodromes, the number of recommendations, indents and memoranda that were thought necessary before action was taken might have held this up for even months more.

The Germans act. We pass on a memorandum. Even Ministers seem to get strangled in the red tape.

SHOULD MOURNING CLOTHES BE RATIONED?

● Relatives of men killed in the Whitehaven pit disaster could not go into mourning because they had not enough coupons.

Some of us consider mourning not only old-fashioned but a selfish spreading of feelings of sorrow.

Others think so much of funeral clothes that they wear them even when they have lost relatives for whom they had no affection.

In my boyhood, even the poor denied themselves necessities of life in order to hire black horses with tall plumes on their heads.

They spent on enormous wreaths money that was needed for their children's food.

Gradually, that sort of thing is dying out. Wise people announce "No mourning, by request." Others ask that money which might be spent on wreaths should be sent to some charity.

It is difficult to tell sorrowing people, even in the hour of the nation's extremity, that they must not hamper the national effort by displaying in their own way grief which they consider a necessary sign of respect to people whom they loved.

But the plain truth is that the war must be won, and that it can be won only by a wise use of all our resources.

More important than any public parade of sorrow over miners killed in the pit is the evolving of plans by which fewer miners are killed.

Voice of the People

BOY DONALD MACKENZIE, not yet four feet high, but a soldier of the King, won a boxing match at his weight.

He was entitled to draw 5s. for himself—and the losing boy was entitled to 2s. 6d.

But Donald didn't agree that losing should make so great a difference. He gave the loser a shilling, making one share 4s. and the other 3s. 6d.

Then this fine British boy turned up at our company office with the money, bringing his opponent with him. "We want to buy war loan," he said.

That was the first time I ever met Donald Mackenzie, but I so admire his British spirit that I am glad to tell the story—and please will you send any payment to him.—Neil McLeod, Lance-Corporal, Somewhere in Scotland.

So the money goes to Donald.

Penny Plain——

Selection boards have actually been asking candidates for commissions: "What is your father's profession, and what was he in the last war?"

They may not know that one of our few field-marshals began as a private.—C. G., Drayton Gardens, West Ealing, W.13.

Calling on one of our best-known serving generals, recently, member of JOHN BULL staff found him overjoyed because his son had received his first stripe. "I shall not help him a bit," said father. "My rank doesn't give him any greater capacity as a soldier."

One of the Snags!

The Government says the present form of clothes rationing is to assure fairness in the distribution of available materials.

What nonsense! I am getting married soon, and my trousseau would absorb nearly two years' coupons.

Total cost—less than a girl friend has just given for one fur coat.

Yet she hardly touches her coupons—and I have to spend my early married life without a pair of silk stockings or a little luxury of any kind.—M. W., 1, Josephine Avenue, Brixton.

Empty Waggons

Railway sidings are chock-ful of coal here "due to lack of transport."

Yet hundreds of Army and other waggons run empty from this town for all parts of the country.

And empty goods trains steam out in all directions.—Shunter, Somewhere in the coalfields.

Double Rations

There is still an appalling lack of co-ordination and co-operation in *blitzed* towns.

In one place I visit there was no gas or water next day.

Members of the W.V.S. cooked sufficient hot dinners for everybody concerned and sent them by mobile canteen to the spot.

Arriving, the disheartening discovery was made that all the people were already eating good hot dinners supplied by mobile canteen from another near-by district.

Waste of food, and, what is more, a cruel disappointment to willing workers.—R. W. Tuck, Florian Avenue, Sutton, Surrey.

Conserving Space

Are we mad—or merely border-line cases?

I see we are going to import large quantities of eggs from the U.S. Yet many poultry farms have closed down for want of food.

Surely it would be better to import the grain. Then we should have carcases to eat, as well as eggs.—H. B. H., Coleshill Heath Road, Marston Green, Birmingham.

Ministry of Food maintains you would want many shiploads of poultry feed to yield one shipload of eggs, or mixed eggs and poultry.

Sergeant-Majors Wanted?

I. M. Brown, of Glasgow, writing to you in condemnation of Army discipline, makes a great mistake.

I was a prisoner of war in Germany in the last war. My son is fighting for his country in this. I know from experience what discipline means to a country.

The worst fault in this dear old England of ours is that there is too little of it.

Discipline is the very essence of efficiency. As soon as we accept war service of any kind, in khaki, overall, or even the peaked cap of a war worker, we should obey every order without question.

That way lies victory.—Arthur O. Flint, opposite Round House, Brampton, Huntingdonshire.

Tabby is Still Glossy

We are far better off than in the last war.

Who doesn't remember the famous poster put out by a leading condensed milk firm, portraying an extraordinarily thin cat, and bearing the rhyme:

The ghost of tabby, fed on skim,
Is all the war has left of him?

—H. Sims, Ealing, W.

Plenty of Chocolates!

In Oxford Street, London, W., are three big chain stores within 100 yards. On any morning it is possible to buy in that 100 yards, one pound of the best chocolates and sweets for about 1s. 6d.

It would take a month to get such supplies in most provincial cities. And yet distribution is supposed to be fair.—J. Varley, Newfoundpool, Leicester.

Khaki-Dodgers

Can anyone tell me how it is that gipsies miss military service?

In the fruit-growing districts of Kent you'll see hundreds of military age, dealing in worn-out horses and drinking in taverns while the local lads are away defending them.

The authorities should swoop on every gipsy encampment simultaneously.—C. Nouil-Goulding, Paddock Wood, Kent

No Diamonds for Them

This Select Committee which speaks of supposed high wages in the aircraft industry should think twice before it brands all workers in that industry as drawing big money.

I enclose my pay slip for five *nights'* work in one of our main aircraft factories, where I work in the material layout department.

This confirms that for all night work I earn the magnificent wage of £4 12s. 1d. a week less deductions of 10s. a week upwards.—J. W. Hunt (address withheld).

Stop the Pin-Table Gamble!

I'VE just watched a young engineering apprentice throw away fifteen shillings in as many minutes in a gaming-machine saloon, which the authorities seem to tolerate under the less sinister name of "amusement arcade."

He told me he was making good money and might as well spend it.

Soldiers, too, pour their hard-earned money down the drain in these places.

Can nothing be done to curb the growth of these arcades, which are flourishing in military and munition centres?—A. G., Victoria Crescent, Alnwick, Northumberland.

Pin-tables have become open drains that the Government should clean, readers say

Who Thinks Out the Nazi Tricks?

JUST before the Nazis launched their attack on Poland with a multitude of tanks, unrecognisable aircraft, flying high over the Polish formations, dropped showers of leaflets.

"Polish soldiers," the message read, "do not be frightened of the Nazi tanks. Most of them are made of cardboard or inferior metal. You may charge them with your bayonets—even with your bare hands!"

Thousands of Polish soldiers believed this. Heroically they charged the tanks and were mown down in thousands.

Who is responsible for these tricks? Who figures them out? Why are the Nazis able to produce new tricks every time they launch a new attack?

Answer is that for years the Nazis have had plenty of opportunity to try out every suggestion that came to them—and under real war conditions.

The Spanish war was the cradle of most of them.

★ ★ ★

During the siege of Madrid a young lieutenant, fighting with Franco's troops, ceased fire when a unit of wounded Spanish loyalists was carried from the front line.

Reprimanded by his superior officer, he explained that he would not attack wounded men.

"That's the idea," said the German general staff when the incident came to its knowledge. "No one will attack the wounded. Nobody will hinder a transport of wounded. So we shall pass under the cover of wounded soldiers whenever we find the going difficult."

★ ★ ★

Now the Nazis have carried the trick a stage further. They transported troops through Turkey into Syria by pretending they were invalids.

Frequent resort to tricks springs from the Nazi mentality and the instruction which German officers and men receive: "Obtain your objective—never mind by what means you do it."

The first commander of the Nazi paratroops, Count Sponeck—he was killed in the attack on Holland—is responsible for the tricks of the paratroops.

He disguised his men as nuns, as priests and peasants. One Nazi paratrooper was dropped near Rotterdam disguised as a pedlar, complete with a little cart—in which was hidden a powerful multiple machine-gun.

Chemists have contributed hundreds of infernal ideas to the Nazi war machine.

In their war against the civilian population of Austria, which culminated in the murder of Dollfuss, soldiers in civilian clothes were used for the first time to try out many of these ideas.

Experts on explosives were smuggled into Austria and placed bombs on bridges. Little harmless-looking objects were dropped all over the country.

Explosive pencils, daggers which shoot off their blades long before the opponent expects to come to grips with the enemy, were just a few.

Indeed, the whole devilish Fifth Column trickery practice was first employed in Austria. It has since been developed and successfully employed in the destruction of half a dozen countries in actual war.

★ ★ ★

The German industrialists, long before Hitler came to power, bought up neutral newspapers or bribed editors in order to obtain propaganda organs all over the world. Goebbels, using millions for the purpose, has developed this technique until the organised Nazi rumour campaigns have become a dangerous weapon of war.

Every subaltern in the Nazi army contributes in some way to the armoury of Nazi tricks. He is left to try one out on his own. If he succeeds, he reports to headquarters and instructions are given to regimental commanders to advise their men of "the new technique."

But though little is said about it, Hitler has not a monopoly of tricks in this war. The British have quite a few up their sleeves that will give the Nazis a headache.

This is YOUR feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. Address: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

He knew what he was going to see before he moved his head. The Face. There it was, framed in a window-pane, made sinister by the failing light, the same swarthy scowl, the same intentness

"John Bull's" Ten-Minute Story

THE FACE

By Hedley Barker

MR. BEEDLE first saw the face on the afternoon of the great thunderstorm.

Thunderstorms were bad enough, in all conscience. They upset Mr. Beedle's stomach, put him off his food for days.

Mr. Beedle was weighing up rice into half-pounds. Well, alleged half-pounds. Every time the scales showed signs of moving his thin forefinger tipped the balance.

The quickness of the hand deceived the eye.

A touch of the finger, the merest flicker of movement, delicate, with no suspicion of jerk. A very artistic performance.

It was two o'clock, Mr. Beedle's slack time. The little shop was silent. No sound save the rice whispering into the bags and the distant mutter of thunder.

Mr. Beedle weighed up the last bag of rice, closed the top neatly and stood staring into space. His sharp little eyes and his long thin nose, which made him look like a lively ferret, seemed for the moment to have lost interest in life.

Which is exactly how their owner was feeling.

To begin with, there was the war. Not to put too fine a point on it the news at one o'clock had been nothing to make a song about.

All very well for some of these public men to talk. What was it that one of them had said the other day? Something about our own petty affairs being as nothing in face of the gigantic issues confronting us.

Well, war or no war, Mr. Beedle's petty affairs remained unaltered. There was only one issue for him. Either he made profits and lived, or he ceased to make them and died.

A pessimistic view to take, but Mr. Beedle was just about at the lowest ebb. The war, bad news, and, to cap the lot, a thunderstorm heading directly for this God-forsaken town.

Well, there was one consolation: things couldn't be any worse.

But the next moment convinced him that he was mistaken in this conclusion.

The shop was almost in darkness; indeed, Mr. Beedle couldn't distinguish the shapes of things only five or six yards away. A bit eerie, this, at two o'clock in the afternoon.

And the silence. Not a sound to be heard. It occurred to him with a shock that he hadn't heard a sound, not even a passing footstep, for the last fifteen minutes.

Uncanny, that's what it was. And then the general uncanniness of the afternoon got hold of Mr. Beedle in particular. In a flash, he *felt* The Face. In another flash he knew that he must look out of his window and see it.

Slowly he turned his head. And then, as lightning tore into the blackness and a clap of thunder shook the air, his heart gave a sickening jolt.

The Face was beetle-browed, and swarthy With its black scowl and its menacing expression it might well have been the face of Nemesis. It was the last straw. Horrified, suddenly weak, Mr. Beedle sank down in the chair behind the counter.

When at last he was able to look up once more The Face was gone. Mr. Beedle produced a handkerchief and mopped his brow. A nasty turn that.

The blackness, the silence, the sudden spring of lightning throwing that face into high relief—ghastly.

He recalled those beetle brows again, the scowling swarthiness. A stranger to the town—that was certain. Mr. Beedle had lived in Bramford for thirty years and he knew everybody.

Apprehensively he looked out of the window again. Nothing save the spears of rain stabbing the pavement. Had he been seeing things? Was it perhaps a ——

BUT no, it was real. He was convinced of that. Horribly alive, tight-lipped, with its nasty glaring eyes fixedly staring. Mr. Beedle shuddered. He was uncommonly relieved when at last he heard the quick tap of hurried footsteps outside.

Mrs. Padger came in, panting, shaking out her umbrella.

"Goodness!" she gasped, "this rain. Cats and dogs."

"And the thunder," nodded Mr. Beedle. "Upsetting. It churns my inside up something awful. And what's your pleasure, Mrs. Padger?"

Mr. Beedle's ferrety face beamed with a smile. He flattered himself that he had welded his customers into one big happy family, with himself as a sort of Father Confessor, listening to all their little troubles, rejoicing with them when their luck was good, offering his sympathy when they were down.

It paid. Ideal conditions, these, in which to do a bit of mild scale-tipping.

"Creates confidence, see?" he would say. "Builds up an atmosphere of friendliness. Wonderful what a few words will do."

Mrs. Padger's pleasure was arrowroot and soda and salmon. Mr. Beedle obliged her, listened patiently to a description of the adversities suffered by her sister's friend's aunt, and then asked:

"I suppose you didn't meet a man as you came along, Mrs. Padger?"

"A man?" Mrs. Padger shook her head.

"Then he must have gone the other way. A nasty, ugly, staring man. I happened to look out of the window, and there he was, glaring at me. Gave me quite a turn."

PRESENTLY the rain ceased, the sky smiled with sunshine again, and Mr. Beedle began to be busy. As dusk came he was still at it, weighing up pounds of tea and sugar and oatmeal. All at once terror moved him again.

He knew what he was going to see before he moved his head.

The Face.

There it was, framed in a window-pane, made sinister by the failing light, the same swarthy scowl, the same intentness.

Mr. Beedle was for the moment paralysed. He couldn't do a thing. Just stood there, with the scoop in one hand and a bag in the other, fascinated, gripped in a horrid spell.

And then, abruptly, The Face disappeared. Scoop and bag fell from his nerveless hands. To his surprise, he found himself shaking. Off song, that's what it was. A bit nervy. Have to call in at the chemist's and get a tonic.

On his way home that night Mr. Beedle bought a copy of the local paper. Across the front page were splashed headlines that pulled him up with a jerk.

"Well-known Businessman Attacked in Shop," he read. *"Knocked Unconscious by Unknown Assailant. Contents of Till Missing."*

Mr. Beedle read on: *"Just as he was about to close last night Mr. A. W. Cullum was brutally attacked in his shop by an unknown man. The man, whom Mr. Cullum had noticed staring through his shop window on two previous nights, presented a card, and whilst Mr. Cullum was looking at it he was savagely struck on the head again and again.*

"Finally he lost consciousness, and came to only to find his shop wrecked and the entire contents of the till missing.

"A heavy air-pistol was discovered in the shop, and the police are conducting an active search for the miscreant, who is described as tall and bearded, with a swarthy complexion and dark eyes."

In an instant Mr. Beedle recalled The Face. Swarthy. Dark eyes. Not bearded, no, but beards could be cut off. And staring—like the man Mr. Cullum had noticed staring through his shop window on two previous nights.

So that was the game, thought Mr. Beedle, in a sweat. Robbery with violence. He knew now what The Face had been staring at. It had been getting the lie of the land.

Noting the position of the till, checking up the times when custom fell off, Mr. Beedle squared his jaw. Very well then. Forewarned was forearmed.

Nobody would catch him napping. There and then he formed a plan of defence, determined to act on it.

In pursuance of this plan he went out into the backyard after supper with his torch, and poked about amongst the junk-heap in the corner.

Presently he found what he wanted: a short length of iron pipe about an inch and a half in diameter. He weighed it in his hand, swung it tentatively through a sweeping arc.

Just the thing.

TOWARDS dusk the next night Mr. Beedle was busy weighing up as usual. A touch of the finger, the merest flicker of movement, delicate, no suspicion of jerk.

Suddenly he was taut, as a shadow fell across the window. The Face. Swarthy complexion, dark eyes. For one long, tense moment the dark eyes stared at him.

Then, abruptly, it moved away, and Mr. Beedle knew that it was coming in. Swiftly he reached for his weapon, held it in readiness behind him.

The door bell leaped and jangled on its spring

"Good evening."

Mr. Beedle couldn't speak. His madly beating heart was choking him as the stranger offered him a card.

He struck. The man staggered, and he struck again. He wasn't at all sure about what happened after that.

But when the mists cleared a woman was bathing The Face with a bottle of his ginger-beer, and Police-constable Tuck was looking at a card which he had picked up from the floor.

"Crumbs, Beedle," he said, "you're for it. The Bench'll come down on you 'eavy for this. Assaultin' an officer of the Crown in the execution of 'is duty."

"A—a what?" gasped Mr. Beedle.

Tuck handed him the card. Mr. Beedle looked pretty sick at what he saw thereon. And he felt it.

Mr. O. J. Sparks, he read, *Inspector of Weights and Measures.*

★ IF YOU KNOW OF AN INJUSTICE ANYWHERE . . .
★ FEEL THAT SOMEBODY IS BEING PENALISED . . .
★ FEEL THAT YOU ARE NOT GETTING YOUR DUE . . .

Write to 'John Bull' About It!

DON'T BE AN OSTRICH
—ABOUT BAD BREATH!
YOU'D THINK PEOPLE WHO HAVE BAD BREATH WOULD HAVE THE SENSE TO SEE THEIR DENTIST ABOUT IT...
I KNOW... BUT I JUST CAN'T BRING MYSELF TO DROP A HINT
HEAR THAT, SUE? WHEREVER HAS TOM BEEN COMING ACROSS BAD BREATH?
DON'T BE AN OSTRICH, MARGIE; WHAT TOM SAYS MEANS YOU!
MARGIE SEES HER DENTIST
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOUR-BREEDING DEPOSITS

WELL, THEY'RE MARRIED. NEVER THOUGHT THEY'D PULL IT OFF AT ONE TIME
A LITTLE TIP AT THE RIGHT MOMENT CAN OFTEN GIVE CUPID A HELPING HAND!

WONDERFUL FOR SUMMER

FOOT TROUBLES

Warm weather makes feet swollen and unbearably tender—and walking and standing can become a painful ordeal. Why suffer with your feet when Zam-Buk Ointment will keep them in tip-top condition? The refined medicinal oils in Zam-Buk easily absorb into the skin. Thus pain, swelling, tenderness and tiredness are ended, chafing and blisters healed, and corns removed, root and all.

7d., 1/5 & 3/5 box.

Zam-Buk

ENDS PAIN, SORENESS & CORNS

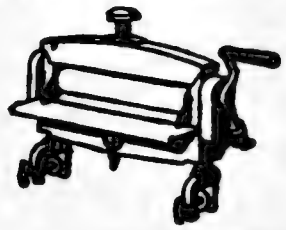
★ Any wringer
★ is better than
★ no wringer

but there is no wringer better than an Acme

★ **WRINGER, MANGLE, CLEANSER—all in one!**

★ The makers deeply regret the enforced shortage of Acme Wringers due to war-time restrictions. Many regular Dealers are at present without supplies but, when conditions allow, immediate steps will be taken to replace used-up stocks.

★



Do I *look* HEADACHY?

If you feel heavy and headachy, forget harsh laxatives and try Lixen. It clears the system naturally. No griping, no irritation—just easy, natural action. That's why doctors advise it for invalids or anybody. So now—back to cheery health on Lixen!

Lixen Elixir is the palatable liquid, in bottles 1/2, 2/-, 3/6.
Lixen Lozenges, fruit-flavoured, 8½d., 1/2. (Plus Purchase Tax). From Chemists only.
Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Ltd.

LIXEN
The Good-Natured Laxative

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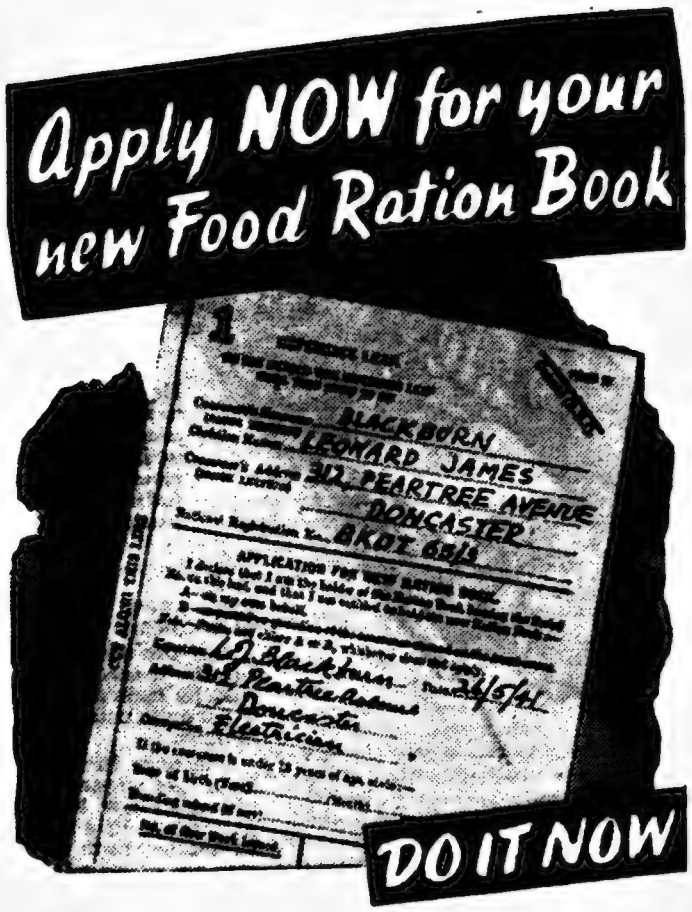


TAKE a look at your ration book application card (you'll find it at the back of your present ration book). It doesn't look very complicated, does it? You wouldn't think it was very difficult to fill it in correctly? Yet 8,500,000 people filled it in wrong last time! 8,500,000 applications had to be re-done!

That mustn't happen again. It's the duty of every one of us to fill in our postcards carefully to prevent this regrettable waste of time and money.

Follow these instructions as you write and you shouldn't have any difficulty — but do it NOW.

(1) Fill in the REFERENCE LEAF (the postcard in your present ration book) in block letters. Make certain that the postcard is your own.

(2) If the holder of the ration book is under 18 give the date of birth.

(3) *The address at the top should be the same as the address on the front cover.*

(4) *The address at the bottom should be where you are living now or are moving to before the end of July.* Put the name of the Food Office for *this* address on the other side of the postcard.

(5) Fix together the cards for your family with an elastic band or piece of string and *post* them. No stamp is necessary.

(6) If you are not now living at the address shown on the front of your ration book or have changed your name on marriage or are in any doubt at all about how to fill up your card, call at your local Food Office BEFORE filling it in.

(7) If you are the head of a boarding-school or institution with a number of residents using ration books, consult your local Food Office.

CHECK IT UP! SEE IF IT'S RIGHT! AND POST IT!

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1.

HUMANIST

deplores the use of the word "lunatic" in connection with our enemies; advises the leader of a youth debating society; and chides a reader who thinks flowers a luxury

NO word in the English language has caused more agony of mind than the word "lunatic."

A reader asks me if I can explain the attitude of the general public on the subject of mental sickness.

The average person does not hesitate to talk about physical afflictions (he says), but mental afflictions seem to be regarded as a topic for laughter.

I know people who seem proud of their operations and will talk about them for hours on end.

They are eager to tell everybody about some member of the family who has had appendicitis or a mastoid, but a case of mental illness is something to be hushed up—as if it were a cause for shame.

It strikes me as being quite absurd and I often wonder how to account for it.

Have you any theory on the subject?

I don't think any intelligent person feels that mental illness is a cause either for laughter or for shame.

Those people who ridicule lunacy must see things from a mediæval point of view. No one to-day would dream of treating a victim of mental trouble in the barbarous fashion of the Middle Ages.

Only an idiot would jibe at an idiot.

The word "asylum" should be restored to its original meaning as a "place of refuge," but nowadays we avoid it altogether and speak of a Mental Hospital.

HERE is an extract from another letter which reached me a short time ago:

The word "insane" appears no fewer than four times in one newspaper and is applied to our enemies. Practically every other paper refers to Hitler as a lunatic.

How do you think this kind of language strikes a mental patient who is trying to get well to be labelled with him?

People are often put away because they are tired and overstrained and homeless.

If the German leaders are lunatics why aren't they certified?

Patients read the newspapers a good deal, and they ought to be cheered rather than disheartened.

It strikes me that a lot of reform is necessary, and it is my ambition to push it under people's noses whenever the chance occurs.

If these men were lunatics they might be forgiven. It is because they are not that their actions are unpardonable

This Word Should be Banished

The writer will gather from my previous remarks that I entirely sympathise with her plea for a more intelligent understanding.

All the words associated with lunacy are grossly misused. I might point out that homicidal impulses are far more reprehensible in a man who knows what he is doing and doing it with calculated deliberation.

If these men were lunatics they might be forgiven. It is because they are not that their actions are unpardonable.

AND now for a totally different sort of problem. It comes from a serious-minded young man of seventeen who is a member of a Youth Movement.

I am the leader of the debating group (he says), and this is where my perplexity begins.

Debating is a subject very near to my heart, and I could spend hours discussing, say, the respective merits of swing *versus* straight music, the toleration of conscientious objectors in war time, and similar topics.

But, with the exception of a handful of the more intelligent boys and girls, I find that such subjects are not considered interesting.

They want to choose subjects like "Should women smoke?" "Should women wear slacks?" and others equally childish.

I should much prefer to argue about "Has democracy failed?" but I like to please all tastes and I want the meetings to be a success.

A trivial subject disappoints the real lovers of debate and the rest merely laugh and giggle. It gets us nowhere.

But a better subject disappoints the others and they protest that it does not appeal to them anyway.

My position is very difficult. Please try to help me to decide upon the right policy, and a few suggestions for subjects would be much appreciated.

There are three ways of handling this problem, and they are too obvious to require explaining.

The first would drive away all but a handful of debaters and the second would be a waste of good time. The third would be a working compromise.

I suggest that light and heavy subjects be discussed alternately. In this way both parties will have something and neither will have everything.

There is more in this suggestion than is apparent at first glance. I believe that it would be good for the more earnest young people to tackle a facetious subject occasionally.

All our great writers allow themselves to be frivolous by way of recreation.

A little nonsense has a leavening effect and prevents ultra-seriousness and a top-heavy sense of responsibility.

It would also be good for the feather-brained to listen to a discussion on things that matter. They might begin to think for themselves.

Here are a few subjects for discussion:

(1) Civilisation makes the world safe for weaklings.

(2) If human nature is unchangeable, this meeting is a waste of time.

(3) Every man is either a Hamlet or a Don Quixote.

(4) All children should have equal pocket-money, whether their parents are rich or poor.

(5) The upper classes are being destroyed by taxation: the working classes are being superseded by machinery. Therefore we shall soon all belong to the middle classes.

(6) Freedom and happiness are inseparable.

(7) It is a mistake to be too modest.

(8) Work is the curse of the drinking classes.

(9) If I were a millionaire and detested my relations, what ought I to do with my wealth?

(10) Before we can have world-peace we must have a world-language.

Most of these subjects are provocative. The most "dumb" person will want to speak when his emotions are aroused.

A young woman who does not care tuppence about Oliver Cromwell's dictator methods will become eloquent when her sex is accused of not playing the game.

DON'T you think (asks a man) that in a time like this all luxuries should be forbidden?

My neighbours are still devoting quite a large part of their garden to growing flowers when they might be producing food.

I know they are not well-off, yet the wife always buys flowers from the florist, and they are very expensive.

If the money is not required for food or clothes, surely it should be lent to the Government instead of being wasted on daffodils and hyacinths!

I told her husband what I thought about it the other day, but he bluntly said it was not my business.

If my wife spent my hard-earned wages on buying cut-flowers out of season I should have something to say about it.

In my opinion such extravagances ought to be made illegal for rich and poor alike. Don't you agree?

The answer is "No."

The writer of the letter may have no longing for beautiful things, but he has no right to deprive others of them.

I suggest that he buys a bunch of flowers for his wife and notes the pleasure she gets from the surprise. I rather fancy he will make an important discovery.

Man does not live by bread alone. The human mind needs nourishment as well as the body. To many people beautiful things are not a luxury at all. They are as necessary as water in the desert.

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a post-bag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

"YOURS FAITHFULLY, ——"

WE remain, yours faithfully, England! That's our signature to each day; we remain at our posts should Invasion at long last come our way. We remain to help and not hinder, while we see this Upheaval through; we remain because we are British, and to England for ever true.

WE remain, yours faithfully, England! What a signature to write, in Honou· aflame with anguish, but the words will be ever bright. They will shine on the World's Great Parchment, before Our Maker's Gaze, though the pen be wet with blood, and the eyes dim with Death's still gaze.

WE remain, yours faithfully, England! Man and Woman, and Youth, and who dares our Seas will dash against our Cliff's great white-bared tooth. They will reel upon our marshes, our coves, and shingled beach, and their cries will fall on hearts that have neither Mercy nor Quarter to teach.

WE remain, yours faithfully, England! There's Majesty in that phrase; there's the texture of indestructible stuff which will once more proudly raise our dauntless British Homestead, above which sing and blow the clean sweet winds of Freedom, the only Life we know.

WE remain, yours faithfully, England! Those words are the Living bricks in the Foundation of Our Empire, which withstands all the Traitor's Tricks. And though Our Crown be studded with jewels bright with pain, it is for THE FAITH OF ENGLAND that WE FAITHFULLY REMAIN.

J. M.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

Permanently crippled, little Frederick Brooks, now eight years old, is quite unable to play with his brothers and will never be able to work.

His father, ex-Guardsman Brooks, had been unemployed for three years. From Easter, 1940, he served in the A.M.P.C., but in August was taken ill, and after eight weeks in hospital was discharged from the Army. He is now crippled by rheumatoid arthritis and can only hobble along on two sticks. He has no pension.

With his wife and two other children to maintain on 24s. a week, there is little wonder that he is in arrears with his rent. In his present unhappy position this man feels that life is a hopeless problem.

Will you send a donation to relieve his anxiety? Letters earmarked "Brooks," or for our General Fund, should be sent to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers" Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

There are no deductions for administration expenses; every penny sent is devoted to the Fund. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given.

We are very grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

BUILDERS
IT'S IN YOUR HANDS

FOR FASTER PLANES—BIGGER BOMBS—HEAVIER TANKS—MIGHTIER GUNS—WE NEED

MORE FACTORIES

The fighting forces need more planes, more tanks, more guns, more munitions of all kinds. For these, new factories must be built. The R.A.F. is calling for more air-stations, aerodromes and hangars. Vastly increased oil-storage plants are wanted. Bombed works and buildings must be repaired. Additional warehouses are needed to store food. Hostels must be provided for the workers.

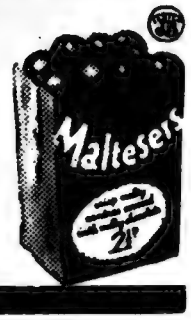
And every job is urgent—vitally urgent. Everyone engaged in Britain's vast building industry can help by getting each job completed quickly. Minutes saved means lives saved.

Ministry of Works

WB3

Open up for MALTESERS

Irresistible chocolate bubbles with crisp honeycomb centres that taste deliciously malty *and* give you food value besides. Do you wonder you can never say no to Maltesers!



2½D

After 10 Tablets of PHOSFERINE

I began to feel better.

In this letter Mrs. E. B. describes some of the benefits she derived from taking the Greatest of all Tonics: "After a rather severe illness, which left me very nervy and faint, I tired very easily and did not want to do any work at all—even my housework was a big trouble to me. My mother and I took particular notice at the time how many Phosferine Tablets I took before I began to lose these very distressing little ailments. I began to feel better after I had taken *ten* tablets. I have recommended Phosferine to many people and I always go back to it if I feel in need of a tonic."

Phosferine will sharpen your appetite, and put new heart into you. Ask your chemist for a bottle to-day!

PHOSFERINE BRAND

The Greatest of all Tonics,

TABLETS OR LIQUID, 1/3, 3/5 & 5/8

(Including Purchase Tax)

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/5 size is nearly four times the 1/5 size, you save 2/-.

"Half the day spent in shopping!"

Hardly time for a bath, yet how one needs it!

ELATED, disappointed, then just tired—that's shopping these days. And, at the end, a bus to catch. No wonder you feel like a bath after all that jostling and hurrying, all that extra perspiration.

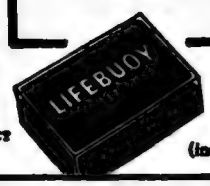
Happily, though your bath may have to be a quick one it will be a *thorough* one if you use Lifebuoy Toilet Soap. Its deep-cleansing lather gets right down into the pores, washes away the perspiration deposits that cause "B.O." How refreshed you feel after that. And though Lifebuoy Toilet Soap does a thorough job in removing the cause of "B.O.," its lather is wonderfully soft and soothing to the skin.

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

LBT 527-637-53

LESS TIME FOR BATHS more need of

Lifebuoy Toilet Soap



4D per tablet (includes purchase tax)

LAZY KIDNEYS CAUSE Backache Rheumatic Pain Urinary Troubles

NEVER trifle with kidney ailments. Relieve backache, rheumatic pains, aching muscles and joints, puffy eyes, disturbed nights and dizzy attacks before they can become more serious.

The cause in each case is a poisoned condition due to the failure of the kidneys to filter impurities and wastes from the blood

Start taking Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills. This special kidney remedy cleanses, strengthens and stimulates the kidney filters so that blood purity is restored and ease and comfort are regained. You can rely upon a medicine that has been used and publicly recommended by 50,000 grateful men and women.

Ask for DOANS, 1/5, 3/5, 5/8 (Inf. age)

THE FAMOUS PURPLE DIAMOND

ASK YOUR REPAIRER FOR

DRI-PED LEATHER

If your repairer cannot supply Dri-ped, write to Dri-ped Ltd., Rose Hill Tannery, Bolton, Lancs.

HEROES UNLIMITED

★ In the ranks of courage stand the Commended—the men, women, and even children of Britain who have been "brought to notice for brave conduct"

These heroes gain neither medals nor fame, yet their stories, told for the first time in this new series, thrill with the highest deeds of our finest hour

THERE'S a big difference between the whistle of a bomb falling a mile away and the sheet-tearing shrill of a big one coming straight for you.

That was how Bert Rigden heard it in the first Battle of Britain when Jerry came over more in the day-time.

The "military objective" that the Nazis signalled out as their target was the laundry where Bert works as a maintenance engineer. The girls had taken shelter, but Bert was still on the job.

The first heavy calibre H.E. exploded with a crash so deafening that it could hardly be heard. It practically blew Engineer Bert the length of a room. Stunned and shaking, he picked himself up to find the place in the act of dissolving.

Then down came another bomb, knocking him flat.

Bert picked himself up again. He felt the sting of blood on his face and hands. Glass, brickwork and roofing seemed still to be falling. Yet into his dazed brain flashed the shock of swift recollection.

The power-house!

Menace of Scalding Flood

He was suffering from shock, cut and bruised. The laundry had had quite a packet. Down at the end he could hear women calling, trapped in the wreckage.

Unless he reached the power-house and shut off the boilers, dire explosion and scalding flood menaced the imprisoned employees.

Hardly conscious, Bert made his way over the debris. Over his head tottering walls seemed on the brink of collapse. He dared their terror and went on. Searing steam belched in his path.

He carried on stumbling, picking himself up, till he felt his hands firm on the power-house controls.

Thanks to his daring, his disregard of danger, twenty people who might have become the victims of the *Luftwaffe* escaped unscathed. Soon the trapped were released unharmed.

That is how another hero joined Britain's glittering army of the Commended.

ENGINEERS and wardens, policemen and stretcher-bearers, nurses and casual labourers—they are the troops of our Civil Defence.

Often when their friends ask why they've been mentioned for bravery they smile and shake their head. They're not ones to make a song about it.

Warden Joe Parkinson, for instance, would be the first to agree that he isn't heroic in stature. He even regrets he isn't a bit bigger. He might have saved blood and pain otherwise.

Joe was close to his duty post one day talking to a woman with a child at the door of her house when he heard the screech of a bomb dropping close.

"Down!" he yelled.

Blown Through Door Panels

Split-second action saw him trying to push the woman to the ground, but, in Joe's own words, "she was too hefty for me." Failing, he seized the small boy and lay atop of him to save him from injury.

It meant risking his own life. When the bomb exploded a bare fifty feet away the blast sent Joe spinning right across the road and through the panels of somebody's closed front door.

Thanks to Joe, the kid hadn't a scratch. The woman who "stood up to it" had bad head injuries.

But the warden found himself sitting up on the kitchen floor of a strange house, with blood streaming from a cut in his head where he had been caught by a jagged splinter of wood.

Delivered his Report

Undeterred, though severely shaken, he instantly crossed the road to report. The telephone seemed dead. No wonder! The lines had been cut by splinters and were hanging in frayed threads.

And, making sure that the casualties were receiving attention, injured though he was himself, Warden Parkinson immediately trekked to the nearest post a quarter of a mile of blitzed streets away.

Would you call him a little man?

WHAT then of young Michael Jones, aged fifteen; occupation: schoolboy.

Mike is within the age limit of children who might have been evacuated, but he stayed at home instead. Raids didn't bother him. He slept soundly at home with his elder brother till one night a Heinkel crashed near by and he woke to find the whole street aglow with fire.

Then in a jiffy he had whipped a coat over his pyjamas and slippers on his feet and was out in the street with his brother ready for anything.

The machine had come down in flames a few doors away. The fire brigade was on the scene, but one house was burning like a furnace, and the men were so preoccupied that they hadn't noticed a patch of flame dancing on the roof of a house across the street.

Michael spotted it. Racing into the garden, he discovered, too, a whole treeful of trouble.

Shook it Down!

Lodged on the topmost branches, twelve feet from the ground, was another part of the 'plane, well alight and threatening the house with every fresh burst of flame.

What happened then is hair-raising.

Michael Jones, without any thought of his own safety, went to the tree, shook the branches and brought the flaming mass down on the gravel path. Only by swiftly jumping aside, surely, could he have avoided bringing the whole tumbling bonfire on his own head.

No sooner was this done than the brothers turned to the fire on the roof. Up the stairs to the attic they dashed, armed with water and a stirrup-pump.

Once there it was difficult to see where the fire was located, but nothing came amiss to Mike.

"I'll take a look," said Mike.

With that he wormed his way out through a skylight window and precariously clambered up the sloping slates of the house to the topmost peak.

Down below in the street the spout of flames fused terror to the night, but Mike went on. Straddling the roof, he walked along twenty feet to the burning portion.

Still he couldn't quite see where the trouble was. From the street it had seemed obvious enough. Now he found himself in a nightmare world of eddying smoke and alarming slopes, steep and sudden angles and strange footholds.

Carefully, inch by inch, he slid down to the chuting.

Now he could see the fire exactly, crackling and spitting. Gripping the sides of the slates with his young arms, exerting every ounce of strength, he somehow clambered again to the peak of the roof and made the risky journey back to the attic.

Mike had received no training in the use of the stirrup-pump. He had merely seen it in service in a fire-fighting demonstration. Now he reported the result of his discovery to his brother and, clenching the nozzle, began another tense trip, this time under the eaves of the roof.

Like a loaded tightrope walker, he made his venturesome way for twenty-five yards along the wooden supporting struts to the lapping flames.

He had no light but the fire. A false step would have plunged him through lath and plaster into the rooms beneath.

When he reached the burning roof, beams were falling and scorching embers were raining down.

For ten minutes, perched precariously, he fought the flames till they spluttered and died.

Michael greeted the firemen as they arrived.

"It's O.K.," he said, "I've put it out!"

Even kids are teaching Hitler that Britain can take it!

Engineers and wardens, policemen and stretcher-bearers, nurses and casual labourers—they are the shock troops of our Civil Defence

Fair Deal for Firemen!

MR. MORRISON, busily merging all our fire brigades into a national system, should at the same time be planning a better deal for the firemen.

Frankly, the men who beat the *blitz* have so far been disgracefully treated—and not only in regard to sick pay.

In many towns they are on duty continuously for forty-eight hours, followed by twenty-four hours off duty, making a weekly duty average of one hundred and twelve hours.

If the chief officer permits, a four-hour break is allowed during the forty-eight-hour period—so long as the men remain within ten minutes of the station for the whole time.

This means, in many cases, that they cannot go home, but must just roam the streets.

Six days' annual leave are granted, but men must report for duty if a raid occurs during it!

At night, apart from telephone duties, they are allowed to go to bed.

★ ★ ★

Sleeping is often makeshift. In some districts blankets and bedding are communal and have not been cleaned for months.

Cases of scabies have already occurred; vermin are common.

During the day, of course, there are drills and appliance-cleaning, and many other odd jobs to be done.

Now, at last, suppers and breakfasts are provided during the duty period. But at some stations the food is so poor that most of it cannot be eaten.

Moreover, most stations do not possess cooking facilities.

Liquid refreshment is apparently not considered necessary. If facilities exist and the men wish to make tea, they must provide it themselves.

Though the soldier is provided with all clothing, the A.F.S. man receives only tunic, trousers, belt and cap, and a boiler suit.

Ordinary boots or shoes, shirts and underclothes must be bought from his own pocket.

Only recently has the issue of a second tunic and trousers been sanctioned; large numbers of firemen were sick last winter because they did not possess a dry change of uniform.

★ ★ ★

Again, while the family of the soldier is recognised by additional allowances, the fireman receives the same pay whether he has six children or none at all.

And 70s. a week, less unemployment and National Health contributions, is not a big sum on which to keep a growing family and meet pre-war commitments.

No wonder that firemen recalled from the Army say that they were better off as soldiers!

Another defect of the Service—high-handed but ignorant "amateur" officers—should now be remedied by Mr. Morrison's new plan.

Too many A.F.S. men, with first-hand *blitz* experience on regional calls, have been controlled in their own cities by officers who have never heard a bomb!

Yes, the A.F.S. and regular firemen must get a better deal—quickly.

In the true British way, they have grumbled but carried on with the job. Because they have carried on so magnificently their grumbles have not been heard.

Under Government control there should be no excuse for these inequalities to continue.

See to it, Mr. Morrison, for Britain's firemen have deserved even more than they can be given!

MEN OF *COOL* COURAGE . . .

FIND BONDMAN THE COOLEST SMOKE OF ALL

Cool alertness brings reward in content when 'All's clear'. Men enjoy these moments with Bondman's restful *coolness* and fragrance. So will you—from the first pipe!

LLOYDS'

Bondman TOBACCO

RICH DARK VIRGINIA 1/7 per oz.
EMPIRE BLEND - - - - 1/5½ per oz.
IN 1 OZ. VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Rd., E.C.1 regds

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Hey! Ali Baba! Quick! Let's 'ave that stirrup pump of yours a minute!"

THE LAST LAUGH

H. E. (Kensington).—"Do you know how many names I go under on the stage?" All the others on the bill.

D. F. H. (Croxley Green).—"I'm wondering, too, if you are aware of the one thing that every woman knows?" Yes—best.

MRS. R. (Cambridge).—"I can't understand how these modern girls change from blonde to brunette overnight." We know the solution.

NATURALIST (Leeds).—"There is a lot to be said in praise of insects." We certainly never lose an opportunity of patting mosquitoes on the back.

S. T. (Lowestoft).—"Burglars stole books from my shelves and tools from the garden shed." Are you sure they weren't the owners getting their own back?

RECRUIT (East Coast).—"The officer stood and stared at me on parade as if he was looking at a bit of dirt." No doubt he was—just a speck.

MAID (Henley).—"I told my employer there was a man at the door with a moustache, but he seemed to take no notice." Perhaps he didn't want a moustache.

JACK (Swinton).—"When we were together the other night I asked her if she thought she could trust me out of her sight." But she insisted on keeping the lights on?

BOXER (Stepney).—"I felt I had come to the end of my tether, but my seconds insisted that the spectators were with me." And you wished you were with the spectators?

P. J. (Birmingham).—"My daughter asked me to-day for a short definition of 'neat,' but I found it very difficult to give her one. What would you say is a perfect definition in a couple of words?" No soda.

ETHEL (New Malden).—"If one goes abroad and marries a foreigner, does one automatically become affected by the characteristics of his country?" Well, we heard of a girl who married an Egyptian and became a mummy!

REFEREE (Highgate).—"Many years ago I was struck on the head by a bottle of ginger beer flung by an angry spectator." Since then we suppose you have never referred to ginger beer as a soft drink.

F. B. (Heckmondwike).—"I wish I could do something for my corns." Why? They never do anything for you.

MRS. N. (Sheffield).—"I have just married my boss. And how long do you think I worked for him?" Until you got him.

H. M. (Manchester).—"I have a country cottage, but it is a very small one." Like all week-end joints nowadays.

G. N. (Woodford).—"I heard the cuckoo a month ago as I was having breakfast. Is this early?" Depends on what time you had breakfast.

D. E. (Kennington).—"When I call to see you I shall try to say something which will cheer you up in these trying times." Good-bye, for instance.

M. B. (Mexborough).—"At any rate, there is one thing that I can do better than anybody else. What do you suppose it is?" Reading your own writing.

P. Y. (Burton).—"If it were possible for me to bore a hole from England straight through the world, where should I come out?" At the other end.

STABLE MANAGER (Epsom).—"Racehorses feel the cold more acutely than other horses." Still, there are always generous members of the public eager to put their shirts on them.

MADGE (Middlesbrough).—"My idea of an estimable young man is not necessarily one who would move heaven and earth to get what he wants." But one who would move heaven and earth to get what you want?

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips."

GLASGOW EVENING TIMES:—"He WAS UNAWARE THAT HE WAS UNAWARE that he was contravening the Post Office Act."

EASTERN EVENING NEWS:—"So a REPUTATION of them visited the stronghold that he had built."

THE SCOTSMAN:—"Queen Caroline, seeking solace from her MARTIAL troubles in books on religion."

Ten Years

with swollen knees, hard lumps on his hands

This man, despite *ten years'* suffering, found he could wash away rheumatic acids with Fynnon Salt.

"I suffered for nearly ten years—then I was advised to try Fynnon Salt. So I started a regular morning dose. The swelling in my knees went down and the hard lumps on my hands disappeared. To-day I am practically free from rheumatism. I am 64 years of age."

W. T. R., Sussex.

Take this Fynnon Treatment yourself! Large tin of Fynnon Salt 1/5 at all chemists. Trial size 7d. *Including Purchase Tax.*

NATURE'S SALT OF THE EARTH

Fynnon Salt

Fynnon Ltd., Gt. West Road, Brentford, Mddx.

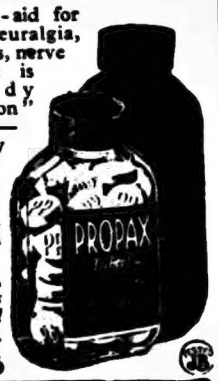
PROPAX

Always Relieves Pain

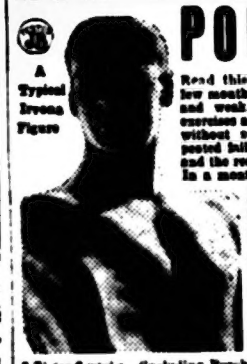
Unfailing first-aid for headaches, neuralgia, influenza, colds, nerve pains, Propax is your handy "double-action" safeguard—rescues quickly from pains, decontaminates your system from poison, leaves no ill effects.

From Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors and all chemists.

1/3 & 2/6



HOW I PUT ON POUNDS



A Typical Irvona Figure

Read this letter:—"Until a few months ago I was NERVEY and weak. I tried dieting, exercises and patent foods, but without success. After repeated failures I tried Irvona, and the result was astounding. In a month I put on twenty-eight pounds and was transformed from a skinny weakling to a well-formed being full of energy & vitality." "IRVONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder is obtainable from all chemists. Price 1/6 for one week's supply; 3/6 for 3 weeks; 5/7½ for 6 weeks (including Purchase Tax), or direct, post free on receipt of price, from:—

IRVONA (Dept. 16P) 1 GREEK STREET, LONDON, W.1. *No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy. Distributors: The London and Colonial Export Co., Ltd.*

The Postwoman still gets her wash done

—*but bans boiling*

I'M a postwoman—and I like it. When I lost my husband I had to support myself and my family and a postwoman's job appealed to me more than most.

My hours are from 6 in the morning till 11.30 a.m. and then again from 2 till 5.30 p.m. You see, I do the sorting as well as the deliveries. My household work I have to fit in between 11.30 and 2 p.m.

At one time, I thought the washing would prove my Waterloo! There's always a lot of clothes to boil—including my son's mechanic's overalls which get *filthy*—and I simply could not do the wash, get lunch and be back again at 2 p.m. I tried it of course, but I was fit for nothing in the afternoon after bending over the copper, rubbing away at the clothes.

One day a neighbour popped in while I was doing the boiling and "went" for me! "I'm surprised at you," she said. "Years younger than me and yet you're still doing old-fashioned *boiling*. Haven't you heard of Rinso and *soaking* clothes clean?"

I said I had, but dirty things needed a boil to get the dirt out. "Nonsense," she said. "I'll prove it to you." And she whisked out of the kitchen to return with a packet of Rinso.

IN spite of my protests, she took the rest of the washing and did it her way while I watched. She soaked the whites in warm Rinso suds for 15 to 20 minutes according to how dirty they were. At the end of that time she just washed them through, rinsed them and there they were—snowy! She didn't have to rub them—I was staggered. Even my boy's dirty overalls came clean.

So next week I did my whole wash the Rinso way. It saved me an hour and a half! Now I never boil the things. I've found I save three-quarters of the gas I used to burn over the washing. My neighbour tells me, too, that the clothes will last months longer—because soaking is so much kinder to them than boiling and hard rubbing.

If other women are doing war work as well as housework these days I'd strongly advise them to do their wash the Rinso way. It's the best time, work and money saver there is, I'm sure!

RINSO SOAKS CLOTHES CLEAN

B 3082-464 *R. S. Hudson Limited*

£200 PRIZES value over — "BULLETS" and BIG NEW CASH OFFER for XWORDS — £125 PRIZES VALUE

£50 FIRST PRIZE · £20 · £10 · £4 · £2 · 30/- 29/- 27/- 3 of 25/- · 30/- 60 of 26

TO WIN A "BULLETS" PRIZE

SIMPLY add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* and you have made a *Bullet*. Make each of your efforts sparkle like the latest prize-winners given below. That's the way to win this week's First Prize, bringing a thrilling Joy Wire on Friday, July 11.

£50 First Prize—"BULLETS" 1,278.
Mrs. E. E. Hood, 19, Bury Road, Liverpool.
Example: BOMBS OF HATE
Bullet: NOWADAYS, "THEY HEEV 'EM."
£20: L. J. Dickinson, 58, Hamilton Rd., Taunton.
Example: Fish Market
Bullet: Second Rubber Doesn't Recognise.
£10: A. Wright, 24, Gilbert St., Penkhull, S.O.T.
Example: News From The Front
Bullet: "News Spotlight" "We're Bombed.
£5: R. M. Fleming, 177, Corporation St., Stafford.
To Prevent Hitler's—"Spy," Absolute Ressonance "Independence."
£4: W. Overell, 37, Wellington Rd., Hampden Hill, Plain Speaking—Stiff Allies "French Gestures."
£3: Miss W. Hayes, 17, Trinity St., Huddersfield.
Destroyed—Or "Mad Dog." Hunter
£2: Miss E. Sale, 8, Shirley Grove, Southport.
End Of The Drama—Start "Hitler's Memory." Changed.
10s.: M. Webb, 163, Hewlett Rd., Cheltenham.
The Old, Old Story—Britain's "Lovely" Fired Of.
10s.: R. Dobson, 13, Shirley Road, Scarthorpe, Doncaster.
Bullet's Climax—*Veg.* And Two Veg 5
10s.: F. Lewis, 123, Bridport Rd., Edmonton, N.
Bright Of Fledglings—Screamed "Cascade," "The Cabbages"!
10s.: L. Thorpe, 101, Manchester Rd., Denton, Manchester.
Gracefully—Wearing Auntie's Tie Note!
10s.: G. H. Bennett, Ashcott, Bradworthy, Runs Foul The Final—Soldier Wears Green Not Bought!
A list of 2 Winners of 10s., 20 Winners of 5s. and 66 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,500 Merit Awards have also been posted.

CROSSWORD 227 RESULT.

WINNING WORDS—1, Glob. 2, Tenth. 3, Pack. 4, Soft. 5, Hiller or Miller. 6, Quick. 7, Hall. 8, Fiver. 9, Pasha. 10, Fishes. 11, Whole. 12, Imp. 13, Bones. 14, Scotch. 15, Pole.
£100 SHARERS—G. Butterfield, 31, Westwood, Tce., Allerearth Rd., York; J. Ewart, 24, Oxford Glen, W.10; R. Gilbert, 27, Bishop St., Mansfield, Notts.; Mrs. A. F. Warren, Bank House, Cross Hills, Keighley; S. Johnson, 30, Jesmond Glen, West Hartlepool; W. H. Millard, 46, Stanley St., Bedford; H. Pritchard, c/o 12, The Drive, Gilbeck, Bargoed.
Runners-up Award value £25 shared between 21 entrants.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

DICTATOR ROOSEVELT
TOTAL WARFARE
CAUGHT US NAPPING
NOW CLOTHES ARE RATIONED
LABOUR OF LOVE
SPEED'S ESSENTIAL, SO
MOTHER'S COUPONS
WE CAN TAKE IT, BUT
FACING DEATH.
AWAY FROM HOME
MAKES THE NAZIS SMILE
TROUBLE IN STORE
LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN
ALONE IN THE WORLD
WITH LUCK
PEOPLE NEXT DOOR
AT THE MOMENT
A MAN'S JOB
AGAINST OUR WILL
HOW IT WILL END

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

BIT TOO .....
DODGING THE .....
WE WANT MORE ..... AND
GETS ME .....
SUITS .....
CRYING OUT FOR .....

EXTRA AWARDS! VALUE OVER £20
Each of the 45 chief winners who entered 4 or more Bullets for this contest will receive a Special Bonus Award value 10/-.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EX.
B.
EX.
B.

Three FREE with 4 paid, thus giving 6 chances for 1s.

Plain paper entry equally eligible.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this coupon.
P.O. Value.... No. .....
Signed .....
Address .....
1,279 Closing Postmark MONDAY, JUNE 30
CUT ROUND THIS LINE

GET YOUR GUIDE TO SUCCESS

for Bullets & Xwords.

AFFIX 1d. stamp to space provided and enclose with "Bullets" or Xword Entry. This makes sure of your 3,500-word guide to success in "Bullets" & Xwords.

Affix 1d. STAMP for your copy of "Bulletin" and Gazette.

£100 for 15 LETTERS!

WIN a Bumper Cheque by answering 15 questions! There they are in the absorbing puzzle below—and ten minutes with those clues may well bring you that £100!

£100 FIRST PRIZE · RUNNERS-UP AWARDS VALUE £25

TRY John Bull's 10 MINUTE XWORD No 231

CLUES — Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	5p Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3p	3p	3p
1 Money can be entirely responsible for nothing one to three	S T R			
2 After a round or two of good boxing, most heavy-weights do this	S L O			
3 You naturally feel this when friend bets you down	O O L			
4 You'll probably begin to count the milestones if your way is this	L O N			
5 If you don't know how to roast meat, you can do this	R Y			
6 Certain bulbs do this as soon as they're put in	G O W			
7 You're lucky if your boss have done this regularly through the year	A I D			
8 Every good producer has his own idea of	S H W			
9 Dare-devil usually goes with	R S H			
10 Can make passing lorry convoy most disturbing at night	R O A			
11 Look at the next one you see—it will probably be black	C O W			
12 This is not expected to hold up enemy's advance for long	F O R			
13 This is the part of shoe most likely to suffer if person treads on your foot	T O			
14 Always calculate value of stock before you purchase this	F R M			
15 You may be annoyed to find whole string in	K N O			

PLAIN PAPER used in addition on this coupon at rate of 6d. for each 3 columns submitted. Extra entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rule of entry-fee.

Closing Postmark MONDAY, JUNE 30

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee. P.O. value ..... No. .....
Signed .....
Address .....
.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

RULES

1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xword First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—Postal Order or Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee at rate of 6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed & Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons permanently completed and service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are accepted only on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated July 19, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

ADDRESS ENTRIES: "Bullets" No. 1,278—or Xword No. 231, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.) — Closing Postmark MONDAY, JUNE 30

LAST CHANCE!

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT WARTIME OPPORTUNITY

"THE PEOPLES HISTORY OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR" VOL. ONE

THE GREATEST BOOK OF THE WAR!

Half Guinea WORK FOR 3/3 PLUS 1/- which includes Carriage, Packing, Insurance, etc.

HISTORY WRITTEN WHILE IT IS HAPPENING!

Here is the most colossal story in the history of mankind—from an unknown painter's fantastical dreams of world-power in the quiet hubbub for Britain's life-blood. Here in this great work you will read of the rise and intrigues of the Nazis, see behind the scenes in the last desperate bid for power, watch Churchill take over the reins of Government, the fall to the great battles on land, sea and in the air, see how Hitler tried to burn London, learn what we did when Germany declared war, etc., etc. How much can you remember? How much do you want to re-live? The Warning of the Great Dictators; Britain's Call to Arms; the Battles of Poland, Norway and Holland; the attacks on Belgium; Hitler's Invasion, the battles of France, Britain and Dunkirk; the attacks on Denmark, Hitler's secret weapons, the Blitz; the Battle of the Atlantic, the Battle of Britain; the Battle of Egypt, the Battle of Russia, the battle of the Middle-east, the great battles of Malaya, the great air-raids on this country and the Italian Empire, R.A.F. etc., etc., etc. The whole terrible scene is here in this book—tremendous events recorded for posterity and for YOU—written while they happened.

Every man in the Forces and every man and woman on the Home Front should have a copy of this work.

Volume is 81 inches deep by 32 inches wide, handsomely bound in Blue Rexcloth, embossed on the spine in Gold. Frontispiece is a brilliant specially-drawn portrait of Mr. Winston Churchill.

For this amazing book all you need, after you receive your invitation, is only 3/3 plus 1/-, which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

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Fill in Final Order-Label on Right. Affix penny stamp to space provided for your Special Privilege Invoice and printed matter, and post at once in an unsealed envelope bearing a penny stamp to:—ODHAMS PRESS LTD., "The People's History of the Second World War," Book Dept. J.B.3, King's Langley, Herts. On receipt of Order-Label, you will be sent an Invoice. Send back this invoice, together with your remittance, and your volume will be dispatched, carriage paid, to you as soon as it is off the press.

"HISTORY OF SECOND WORLD WAR"

A penny stamp MUST be affixed here by you.

Write below in BLOCK LETTERS

NAME .....
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....
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Applies only to Gt. Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. J.B.3. 21/6/41

NEARLY 600 PAGES! 200,000 WORDS! OVER 30 PAGES of MAPS APPLY AT ONCE!

WAR WORK TRUE STORIES, No. 3

Ex-officer fights in a factory now!

1. When the last war was over, Major "Elgin," D.S.O., M.C., settled down and went into business in a large City office.

2. As the present war progresses, difficulty in getting materials decides the Directors to close down the firm.

3. Although he applies for Military Service, he is very disappointed when he is "turned down" this time because of his age.

4. After a talk with his wife, Major "Elgin" decides to apply for training in one of the new War Factories. . . .

5. Having mastered the 'mysteries' of the modern workshop, Major "Elgin" has now risen to an important job in an aircraft factory.

"To ensure victory," he says, "the Services must have *more* tanks, guns; ships, planes. We War Workers are building them!"

What Major "Elgin" has done—you also should do! Go—TODAY to your Local Office of the Ministry of Labour and National Service, and they will tell you how best to serve your country.

YOUR DUTY NOW IS WAR WORK

These stories are founded on fact; but the names used are fictitious.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF LABOUR & NATIONAL SERVICE

food deficiency made good

Many foods now on the daily menu of average families are lacking in nutritive and energising elements essential to health and strength. *Make good these deficiencies* by adding Vitamin Yeast to your daily fare in the pleasant, convenient form of YESTAMIN Tablets.

They contain in rich concentration the Vitamin B needed to build up resistance to disease, strengthen Nerves, overcome Strain and Depression. *Their action upon other foods* makes them literally put new life into you. Indigestion and Constipation disappear—Energy and Vitality are doubled. YESTAMIN is a 'Mighty Ration' indeed, yet *entirely free from drugs.* Children thrive on it—tests in Schools have shown amazing success, especially in treating Skin Diseases. Two tablets at mealtimes cost only a penny a day—start on YESTAMIN *now.* *Of all Chemists.*

YESTAMIN

Vitamin Yeast Tablets
40 for 7d. 100 for 1/1
The English Grains Co. (Leeds) Ltd., Burton-on-Trent.

½d. PER GALLON!

That's all it costs for the World's best vegetable fertiliser.

HAS your soil a chance to grow good vegetables? Nine out of ten soils lack sufficient HUMUS, without which plants cannot thrive. Sangral, applied in liquid form will make good this loss in 6 Hours. Results will be obvious in 10 days! Sangral is the soluble ALL-PURPOSE fertiliser for all vegetables, fruit and flowers. It cannot harm or "burn" even delicate seedlings, costs only ½d. per gallon and is used by over 2 million gardeners, nurserymen, and market gardeners. Make a test this week for 6d.

GROW REAL VEGETABLES
THIS YEAR—USE
SANGRAL
TEN-DAY FERTILISER
Sold 6d., 1/6, 3/- & 5/- everywhere
LASCO LTD., LIVERPOOL.

For Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

Take it!

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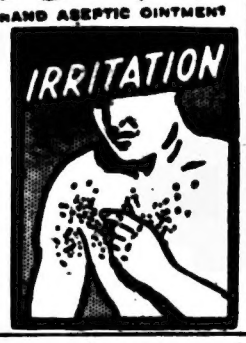

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